GOLDEN GATE

A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

All things harmonize with the harmonized soul.

Great people generally work their way up through difficulties.

He that speaks doth sow, but he that holds his peace doth reap.

The greatest misfortune of all is not to be able to bear misfortune.

The burdens of life are lessened as you unfold into the perfect life.

A helping hand at the right moment would save many from ruin.

Where there is no want of will there will be no want of opportunity.

The one prudence of life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.

Let us take care of our days, and our years will take care of themselves.

The child who sees deceit around him will rarely make an honorable man.

Common sense is one of the noblest gifts with which mortals can be endowed.

God made the human heart to be the throne of love.—*Rose Hartwick Thorpe.*

Keep your soul exalted and it will burst the last bond, though a world be in arms against you.

When friends are present, do to them good deeds; when they are absent, speak of them good words.

Content not thyself that thou art good in the general, for one link being wanting, the chain is defective.

A nation's departure from right and justice is the measure of the spiritual blindness of its citizens.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.
—*Ellen P. Allerton.*

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of; spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing, if death should surprise you in the act.—*Advocate.*

Still heaven is, our hearts affirm against every disappointment; and whether behind or before us, as memory or as hope, 'tis to be ours,—our port and resting-place some time in the stream of ages.—*A. Bronson Alcott.*

We should remember the truth is many-sided; that all truth comes from one source. There is only one sun in the heavens, yet, as you know, there are many beautiful colors, all of which come from the one sun.

True individuality is careful to keep within its own orbit. It does not reach out to adjust, dictate to, or control another being. Its aim is to find and know itself—i. e., when the real living has begun, which is seeking to know what life is, and what the personality is responsible to do with life.

Soul Communion.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Thinking that some of our meditative minds may like to hear what some other body—sister or brother—may be doing, or in what channel of thought the mind and soul dwells on the 27th day of each month, the time set apart by the *World's Advance-Thought* for silent and universal communion, I will give for their benefit the result of my hour's meditation from 12 to 1 o'clock, May 27, 1888.

Friends, one and all: The more we put forth a thought as to what shall constitute our monthly communion, the more we feel the necessity of seeking for greater light. When we say light, we mean knowledge of the power which sustains us—the soul-illumined knowledge—a thorough comprehension of that for which we seek.

That we may not be led blindly by false illusions, let us not be too easily satisfied with the too common things of every day life; but live in a sphere of exalted prayer, that our very garments may receive the truth of all higher thought. Let us be prepared to live this life nobly, that we may be worthy of the blessings from the higher life,—just a glimmer of the true, loving, and powerful rays that rest in the breast of every human being. Do we understand how to bring about this required condition?

O friends, do we ever for a single moment stop to think how much rests or depends upon us? The soul of man must be singled out from the entanglements of external life, and rise above; even in this life, rise to the sphere where the soul may become conversant with all higher power, even though we become humble to attain; it must come. What means this great rush of mankind, plunging headlong into the darkness, with not even a rudder to guide, not considering the first great principle, putting it for the second, then for the third, and so on, till the last chance for a glimmer of light and wisdom has escaped us? Why not break loose from the old dogmas and doctrine of personal opinion, and launch our ship, allowing that we are liable to sink in this great gulf of human darkness? Let us try, with true faith, the soul illumined with the highest thought of spiritual aspiration.

"God is good," and will lend his light and wisdom to the watchful eye. Why the soul at all, if not to attain the realm where infinite power, in the same, may be brought out? What means this exalted achievement, where soul may commune with soul and spirit with spirit? We may know! It means instantaneous appeal for the highest knowledge, that we may soar beyond earthly tribulations and ignorance, and rid ourselves of the crude atmosphere in which we live. Let every act—nay more—every thought be a living gem, for as our soul lives are we judged; according to our true worth are our thoughts set forth.

Soul language,—what is it? Unspoken, unheard, but not unfelt; for the choicest thoughts hold themselves in frames of golden light, radiating beyond anything mortal tongue can express. All this beautiful knowledge comes to the soul that aspires, continued seeking for that which is the highest, from the first germ should we respond to the desire for more wisdom and light; for slowly as does the leaf of the rose unfold, so does the soul, in all its beauty and possibilities, from the rays of the great overshadowing power.

Friends, let us be up and doing. Let us brighten up our light. Let us find where our ailments are—if it be in the body, or mind and soul. Let us avail ourselves of the present, and aspire and grasp the noble and exalted words that lift us up to know there is something more beautiful than words can express. Let us accept of the *true* medicine from the infinite source.

Can the soul open itself to the base and foul atmosphere? No. Why, then, seek to administer to the pure that which is too gross for even the most weather-beaten condition? Let us put fresh life into our very souls, and rise up to a standard of thought where we may be singled out as the star of great luminous power, from whence comes a principle so grand in thought that it is angelic itself.

When the *true* soul power of man is felt and known, then comes a wedded bliss,—no more sorrow, no more sickness, no more false pride to wring from us that which should be the choicest atom going to make up one continued and glorified field of action, from which the soul is continually being evolved. Let us fast, friends, quieting the bodily influences, acquire glorified faith, and rise up by prayer into the serenest hights of spiritual life. Open wide the inner door of the soul, that it may drink in the light, as does the flower the sun, ever strive to achieve the highest spiritual attainments. Let us feel that God has given us something to do, something to impart to humanity. Let us live in the atmosphere to attain soul unfoldment, and strive for exalted revelations, and distribute along the wayside of life, with a sympathizing hand, these beautiful, intuitive revelations, that others may receive the light from our star of faith and hope, to light and guide them on the true road to soul and infinite wisdom. Let us feel and do, one unto another, as we would the Infinite should do unto us; until we can truthfully say we have really been baptized in the spirit.

Let our souls be more united, if we can not harmonize in earthly agreements. Let each soul know its true worth, and strive to twine around the great pillar ascending to soul life one little wreath of faith, that each may bring forth the rarest blossoms which go to help make up the universal and magnificent blending and equality of soul knowledge.

Mrs. S. Seip.

San Francisco, May 31, 1888.

Mr. and Mrs. Lillie in Chicago.

Editor of Golden Gate:

Chicago Spiritualists do not often enjoy so rare a treat as was given them in the meetings at the Princess Opera House on the evenings of the 23d and 24th inst., and on Sunday afternoon and evening, the 27th. To hear upon the same platform at each service so gifted and powerful speaker as Mrs. R. Shepard Lillie, and a test medium of such unusual excellence as Mr. Edgar Emerson, all harmonized and interblent with the sweet and inspiring songs rendered in a most impressive manner by Mr. J. T. Lillie, was indeed a rich feast of good things, and the hearty appreciation expressed by the people was ample proof that even in Chicago may be found some souls attuned to heavenly harmonies.

Mrs. Lillie's discourses, usually in response to some question from a member of the congregation, were inspired from such sources of love to humanity, showing appreciation of human needs, and reaching out a helping hand in such clear, practical thought that none could fail to grasp some ray of light and truth for their individual help. Her answers to questions were so clear and forcible as to call forth universal approval, while the beauty and melody of her improvised poems is very rarely equaled.

When Mr. Emerson came quietly forward to "see what he could see" for a Chicago audience, we felt like sending him a mental wave of help and strength, for Chicago audiences are supposed to be very hard to satisfy—are called hard names—cold, critical, cynical, and the like. But when the "Sunbeam" from the spirit side of life shone out upon them so many dark things stood out clear in her light—so many loved ones were manifested to the sorrowing friends in the audience—so many messages of comfort and words of cheer and encouragement were given, that Emerson might adopt the ancient motto, *Veni, vidi, vici*, for it was absolutely true.

Every song by Mr. Lillie was received with pleasure and heartily cheered. All three have added a long list of new admirers to the old friends who always welcome them gladly, and their return here for another Sunday in July will be anxiously hoped for.

Fraternally yours,
Mrs. Anna Orvis.

Chicago, May 30, 1888.

Editors, as a rule, are kind-hearted and liberal. A subscriber to a certain paper died and left four years' subscription unpaid. The editor appeared at the grave just as the coffin lid was being fastened down for the last time, and threw in a linen duster, a thermometer, a large palm leaf fan and a recipe for making artificial ice.—*Boston News.*

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Opening Remarks of Control of Mrs. R. S. Lillie at State Camp-Meeting.

[Reported for the Golden Gate by G. H. Hawes.]

I wish to say to those here assembled that I feel the best work is done through my medium if the subjects are given as questions from the audience in regard to our philosophy, or whatever will be of benefit to you generally.

The following questions were proposed:

Is man a free moral agent, or has man a free will in the common acceptation of the term?

Life in the spirit spheres.

Will Sheridan rally?

What are the mutual relations of Spiritualism, metaphysics, esoteric religion, etc.? (the question could not be fully read, being indistinctly written.)

Subject for poem, "New Friends."

The speaker first gave a beautiful poem, full of friendship and kindly greeting, and then took up the subjects as follows:

Yes, Sheridan will surely rally, for life is of that power and energy which, though it changeth sometimes, its course keeps on through the limitless and eternal ages. It is not ours just now to look with the prophetic eye for immediate changes, but to speak by the knowledge of eternal principles, knowing what a power life is, that whatever immediate changes there may be, life is continuous; and he who seems at times prostrated by the enemy disease, rallies, as the soul must, even though it be through the gates beautiful called death.

Now we shall turn our thoughts for a little while upon our work, taking these suggestions that have been given. The general movement of truth has advanced in these latter days, under various names, but all embody the same principle, and in reality are tending in the same direction. There is a great diversity of minds, and therefore truth assumes a great diversity of forms to meet the needs or requirements of the various minds. Therefore we see these different external forms (I sometimes say garments), which truth presents in order to be received by man.

Spiritualism, as a movement, has in these latter times been accepted by many; and yet by how many has it been rejected. It has received in its passage-way so much of obloquy, ostracism, and condemnation, so much of misrepresentation, that it is in reality to the outside world, those who are surrounded by such strong walls of prejudice, and held in bondage by such power that it is almost impossible for them to overcome it at present; and to such as these, because of the words that misrepresent our cause, that belie truth, that give a false color, they reject all these things, and the thick wall grows thicker and thicker around them.

This leads us to consider whether man is a free-will agent. Sometimes I think there is not a particle of truth in it. We know how this doctrine has been upheld and sustained in the past, and that man has felt himself to be, on account of his intelligence, a superior being, who dictated in a great measure, or at least had the power of will to direct or to see or to decide what he should do, what steps he should take. But just at this point, in speaking of Spiritualism, I want to say there is not a Spiritualist present to-night who became a Spiritualist until he was compelled to be; not because he willed to be, or intended to be, but because of force of circumstances, and the accumulation of testimony and evidence.

And when we look at this, and then think of the free-will agency of man, and turn to those who are opponents and oppressors to-day, we wonder at the position which they assume towards Spiritualism. But we recall the fact that everyone of us in the beginning was as stubborn perhaps as they, and that there was something within which seemed to hold power over us, and from which we could not escape. Now I ask you as individuals to take this directly home to your own lives, and ask yourselves if this was not true. Then we ask of each one of you, Are you Christians? and if so, why is it?

In the first place, because you were born in a Christian land; again, because you were born of Christian parents, who taught you these doctrines from the time you were intelligent enough to understand their words. Again, you were born where you were surrounded by these teachings; in every direction you were surronnded by these ideas, and you could not be other than what you have been and are.

Just at this point somebody will say, "I was surrounded by all this in my early days, but I was always a skeptic; they could not make me believe it, and I never did."

Very well then, how came you to be what you were? By the law of heredity, which transmitted to you other circumstances and parentage which you do not understand, and which made you differ from the rest of the family.

So here we are what we are, it seems to me, as expressions of a law immutable, or by the combination of laws which outwork with us and for us, and in the chain of circumstances belonging to us, weave out the web of our life's being. And we look upon it with its colors gray and dull, or bright and glorious, (which shade may be in our lives), and there seem to be influences brought to bear that work like a mighty tide upon us as individuals, and push us out in various directions, compelling us to take the steps we have taken, until we find ourselves where we are to-day.

And as we find ourselves in this position, looking upon life from this standpoint, believing in life as the result of law, and that law governs all forms of life—human life as well as all other forms, and as well as the earth on which we live and all other planets and suns and systems,—it is impossible to believe that man stands out as the only entirely independent thing in this universe. Therefore I look upon him as a part of the stupendous whole, each one of us swept on by a mighty power, each one of us embodying all of good that it is possible in this place and under these circumstances, and while we are in this channel of our being; and where we are lacking, our neighbor has the fullness, and where our neighbor lacks in another direction, there is that in our nature which they require or lack, and yet there is in all the infinite possibility, as I believe, that will find its development when enough of the sunshine, enough of the brighter circumstances, and the better opportunities work round, and there is wrought out by the great wheels of destiny, eternity, or law—call it whatsoever of these names you may—that which shall at last give us a more perfect realization and a more complete unfoldment. But when we have arrived at that point, we shall find it is only the fulfilment of what we now possess in the germ or embryo. And we shall find that we were in the embryotic state when we made our mistakes and great blunders, when our deeds were such that others condemned us; and yet why we did these very deeds, we scarce can give an answer.

Somebody will say, perhaps, just at this point, that the doctrine is not a good one, and that man should be placed upon individual responsibility. While we recognize this as a fact, we must acknowledge the law, as we have in our earlier remarks, and then say that these individuals to whom we hold up the law, for whom the truth is given, or those rather who accept the same, who rise out of their present conditions, are those who are like the soil fitted to receive the seed that falls in their hearts, and therefore it is seed sown upon good soil, but if not, the seed must lie on the barren rock until some friendly breeze takes it up and bears it away to a better place, where it will find better conditions, even if that friendly breeze is death itself.

And these opportunities are to be ours; these opportunities will be ours. But while we look upon this latter movement, meeting these many names, turning our thoughts in these various directions, we feel as though the great gardener, we might say, of the souls of men had looked over this great field, this soil of human minds, and had seen how one portion of the garden is fitted to receive another kind of seed, and still another is unprepared to receive any at all until the hand of the tiller has prepared it. So I look upon all these isms that have come in to-day under their various names, as each of these seeds to be sown in many places, and each of these will reach a class of minds that others will not reach. And while we see the many different seeds of the metaphysical ideas that are thrown out to-day, and especially those of metaphysical healing, spiritual healing, and what is denominated by another class of minds as Christian

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[Written for the Golden Gate.]

"Scarlet Sins" Series: Spiritualism; the "Witch of Endor."

BY G. C. DRIVER.

"Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass.—*Dogberry.*

Spiritualism has been compelled to bear many burdens and encounter much obloquy; but that a science, a philosophy, and a religion, whose primary tenets are the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, the immortality of the soul, and the possibility of intelligent communion with loved ones who have passed just beyond the boundaries of the visible, should be dubbed a "Scarlet Sin," by an embassador of the gentle Nazarene, who came to bring immortality and angel ministry to light, is an enigma insoluble by the judicial mind.

The medium at Endor has become the scapegoat for all the ignorant assumptions and juggling sophistries of the modern clergy concerning the basic phenomena and the philosophy of Spiritualism. We are disposed to be somewhat prepossessed in favor of the "witch;" and, according to the Bible testimony, believe her to have been a fair sort of a girl. Not a syllable is recorded derogatory to her good moral character in every respect. It is true, she had a familiar spirit or guardian. Likewise had Socrates, one of the grandest characters of the olden time. Also Martin Luther, the illustrious founder of Protestant Christianity; but, one day, Martin and the devil had a dispute about the sale of indulgences and the doctrine of justification by faith, and the monk, being constitutionally pugnacious, threw his inkstand at his guardian angel, and thereafter "paddled his own canoe."

The holy book does not state that Miss Endor resorted to any of the sharp practices which the Reverend Doctor Harcourt, of the Howard-street Methodist Episcopal Church, attributes to all the mediums of San Francisco. She did not advertise herself and her profession by card-boards, containing a "Fire Alarm Guide" on one side and a badly executed wood-cut of her physiognomy on the other—scattering the yellow literature thick as the forest leaves in Autumn—as does our respected Methodist pastor and brother, that he may attract to his tabernacle a horde of morbid curiosity mongers to applaud his clerical vanity in the sacred desk. Saul, in his extremity, went disguised to the lady by night; compelled her unwillingly to exercise her gifts in his behalf; and the prophecy of Samuel, through her mediumship, was fulfilled. It is not stated that she even requested a clergyman's "tip" for the service; but, instead, in the natural kindness of her nature, this horrid hag hastened to kill her only calf; prepared it and unleavened bread, and placed them before Saul and his servants that they might have strength when they went on their way; and they did eat. This narrative is but one of those which abound both in the Old and New Testaments, corroborative of the claims, truths and ethics of Modern Spiritualism, and exemplifies only one, and that a comparatively infrequent phase of manifestation; namely, spirit prophecy, through mediumship.

We think it is safe to affirm that the Reverend Doctor Harcourt has not read as many as five standard volumes of the extensive literature of Spiritualism, explaining the scientific reason why of its diverse phenomena, and elucidating its cardinal doctrines; that he is uniformed with regard to the primitive mission of the telegraphic rap, and of the laws of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry involved in its production; that he has not a personal acquaintance with any of the mediums in San Francisco, and knows absolutely nothing about their individual lives, nor the history of their mediumship; that he is not aware that the disreputable characters to which reference is made at the close of the report of his sermon, are graduates of high degree from Presbyterian, Baptist, and Protestant Episcopal churches and Methodist Episcopal Sabbath-schools, and whose home roof-trees shield relationships as honest, true, pure, and sacred as the jewels that constitute his own household; that he has not an inkling of the laws of vital magnetism, vital chemistry, and odic force, by which a disembodied intelligence and will is able to penetrate matter and produce writing between closed slates; that he has never taken his own slates to a medium for independent slate-writing, and holding the two slates together in his own hands, with a crumb of slate-pencil inclosed between the slates, received communications on both of the inclosed sides of the slates, written without contact of hand or finger, and signed with the full names of his so-called dead friends or relatives, about whom he was not thinking at the time, and of whose existence in the physical form, at any time, no one but himself could have been cognizant—the medium not having touched the slates, and, in a semi-conscious condition, having been distant five feet from the sitter while the messages were being written, the slates having been held above a table, at one o'clock P. M., the sky cloudless, and the windows of the room curtainless; that he has not, under even more stringent conditions, received similar communications written on his own slates, in six different colors, without any pencil at all; that, in the presence of a non-professional medium, in a room filled with sunshine, he has never held to his ear his own closed slates and heard the grating of the spicule of pencil between them while the sentences were being written, the orthography, in the several instances, having been strictly in accordance with the present go-as-you-please stage of English spelling.

It might not be rash to assert that Doctor Harcourt has never taken his own marked sensitized plates to a medium for the photography of spirit faces and forms, and having sat before the camera for his portrait, taken away his own negatives, developed them, printed the photographs from them, and discovered surrounding his own person, and in front of it, distinct and clearly cut features, which he recognized as those of a deceased son, a wife, a daughter, a fellow soldier who fell by his side on the battle-field, a friend, or a servant, of whom no other photographs are in existence.

It might be permissible to suggest that our Christian brother has never investigated nor witnessed the psychic form, or temporary materialization of the spirit-body organism, and raiment, of the so-called dead, of both sexes; that he never saw the evolution and condensation of the psychic form from an electric spark and luminous vapor issuing from the side of an entranced medium; that he never observed the gradual growth of the full form materialized spirit of a lady clad in white garments, from an illuminated parallelogram of lace on the floor, within two feet of his person, and the ultimate absorption, in a flash, of the tangible simulachrum into the form of the unconscious medium; that he has never seen any of the publications profusely illustrating, by colored engravings, the progressive stages in the development of the psychic form from the vital electric spark and magnetic sheet germ; that he has never beheld the psychic form of a little girl float, without support, mid-way between the floor and ceiling of a parlor eighteen feet in height; that he has never seen the psychic form of a child, while standing on the top of a parlor table, melt down into invisibility, while the elements of its extemporized form were being re-transferred to the organism of the entranced medium, about six feet distant; that he has never heard a materialized spirit of the so-called dead explain, during an extended period of time, the laws of odic force, of vital electricity, magnetism and chemistry, by which an intelligent will, when enfranchised from the earth-life body, is able to control the ultimate atoms of matter and produce the psychic form; that he never saw the materialized spirit-body of a lady sustain the glare of the magnesium light, to be photographed; that he never saw such a photograph; that he would not believe it is a photograph of a temporary bodily form constructed from the vital elements of persons in the physical form, and held together by the will power of a spirit of the so-called dead, if it were shown to him and its genuineness guaranteed by a delegation of eighteen "solid" citizens, who assembled, last November, to make that and other scientific experiments, conversed with the spirit of the lady in her material form during nearly an hour, conducted the photographic operation, and developed the negative plate; that he would not believe that the features and form in the picture are identical with those possessed by the lady previous to her departure to a higher sphere; that he knows nothing about the laws by which mediumship is developed, nor upon what its various phases depend; that he never saw the transparent, self-illuminated psychic form; that he never saw, in full gaslight, the spirit of a chinaman assume the psychic form by growing from the right side of a medium in a magnetic sleep, in the same room with ten investigators; that in his own home, in the presence of an unconscious medium, he never saw the psychic form of a deceased Alabama African slave grow up from the floor and dance a jig, while an aged grandmother donned the temporary robes of mortality and expressed her desire for a cup of strong Hyson tea; that, in the light, in his own home, within three feet of a sleeping medium, he has never met, in temporary materialized condition, and clothed in white garments, the spirit of a translated relative, whose features were the same as in the earth-life, who gave her name, described her advent to the spirit world and her present home, condition and occupation in the second state, wrote communications in the same chirography used while in the physical form, and referred, in a matter of fact way, to affairs of which no one in the present state, except himself, could have known anything; that he never took such a form by the hand, which was dry and apparently bloodless, felt the pulse beat—which was borrowed from and connected with the pulse of the medium by a cord of vital magnetism—looked into the eyes which were as natural and expressive as those in the earth-life, and examined the texture of the hair which was long, silky and flowing; and that he never conversed with this solid, tangible form when it was swathed in luminous sheets of magnetism resembling heat lightning, and silently dissolved into invisibility, its hand melting out of his grasp.

If our fellow pilgrim to the higher life has, as an unprejudiced student, obtained a fair knowledge of the numerous standard works of Spiritualism, and witnessed and investigated the foregoing or similar phenomena, or thrice that number, from a scientific standpoint, he stultifies both himself and the truth in his periodical diatribes against this sublime revelation as "a Scarlet Sin." If he does not possess this information, or personal experience, he simply exposes his ignorance, not only to members of his own congregation but to a large percentage of the general public, both outside the churches and within their pales. Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door and *knock*, and if any man will hear my voice and open the door, I will come in and sup with him and he with me." Our terrestrial telegraphic cables and batteries seem to be marvelous and convenient instruments for the transmission of intelligence, but if the spirit knock, rap or click, and independent slate-writing are not worth what they cost, nor sufficiently respectable and esthetic, as revelators of immortality and spirit return, to fulfill the standard of this fastidious critic of the ways of God to man, there is inspirational mediumship, or *preaching* from the platform, which, in true unction, morality, intellectuality and spirituality, is generally superior to that which proceeds from the pulpits of Jehovah's elect, so-called; and, within the limit of an hour, can impart to an earnest inquirer more intelligent and satisfactory information with respect to the future life and our heavenly home, with its environments, occupations, and missions, than has been vouchsafed by the clergy, apart from dogmatism, since the days of our Lord. It is to be hoped that some of these inspirational mediums will challenge our Methodist brother to a public discussion on the rostrum, when he will have an opportunity either to "brush up" on the progressive thought of the nineteenth century, or decline, like Talmage, to expose his incompetency by entering the lists.

In this connection, and appertaining more especially to that phase of Spiritualism relating to communion with the spirits of the damned—as such only, according to the orthodox clergy, return to earth—we can not refrain from quoting the words of a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of Methodist Bishops—a man of advanced thought, ripe culture, extensive experience, and incomparable eloquence, who had traveled in many climes and come in contact with many modes of thought and forms of faith—the late Matthew Simpson:

"The very grave itself is a passage into the beautiful and glorious. We have laid our friends in the grave, but they are around us. The little children that sat upon our knee, into whose eyes we looked with love, whose little hands have clasped our neck, on whose cheek we have imprinted the kiss, we can almost feel the throbbing of their hearts to-day. They have passed from us, but where are they? Just beyond the line of the invisible. And the fathers and mothers who educated us, who directed and comforted us, where are they but just beyond the line of the invisible? The associates of our lives that walked along life's pathway, those with whom we took sweet counsel and who dropped from our side, where are they but just beyond us, not far away, but now, it may be, very near us. Is there anything to alarm us in this thought? No. It seems to me that sometimes when my head is on the pillow there come whispers as of joy that drop into my heart, thoughts of the sublime and beautiful and glorious, as though some angel's wing passed over my brow, and some dear one sat by my pillow and commoned with my heart to raise my affections to the other and better world. The invisible is not dark, it is glorious. Sometimes the veil becomes so thin it seems to me that I can almost see the bright forms through it, and my bending ear can almost hear the voices of those who are singing their melodious strains. Oh, there is music all around us, though in the busy scenes of life we recognize it not. The veil of the future will soon be lifted and the invisible shall appear."

SAN FRANCISCO, June 2, 1888.

From the Sun Angel Order of Light.

[Written for the Golden Gate, by Spirit Saidie, leader of the Oriental Band in the Heavens, to the children of the Order of Light in Earth Land, through the Scribe of the Order, Mrs. E. S. Fox.]

Saidie extends her blessing to each and every child of the Order, far and near, and assures all that her heart of love would gladly welcome into the temple of wisdom every child of the Infinite, for she sees with a heart filled with pity for the children of men, the need of greater spiritual unfoldment. Man would grasp infinite knowledge with a firm determination to understand well all the truth which would place him upon the plane where stand those exalted ones who have earned the crown of wisdom they now wear, could he see and understand his own greatest needs, and through that light comprehend the true importance of taking firm steps onward and upward in the path of true progress, which leads always up the mountain side toward the glory that gilds the mountain peaks that lie far removed from the valley lands of incarnation.

Saidie and all the wisdom guides had need to scale the heights, ere they could rest in the cities beyond the reach of earth conditions, and others are but on the road. The hand of experience leading them along, now through the valleys, then across the desert sands; now the way is pleasant and smooth; anon it seems hedged in and rough, until the pilgrim would fain lie down and pray for sleep that knows no waking—to close his eyes, and lock his senses in deep oblivion.

While many of the children of the Infinite have beautiful homes, and seemingly all that heart can wish, more are homeless wanderers, unable to perform ought else than simply to keep the machinery of life in motion, until the tired wheels shall stop from mere exhaustion, and the pulseless hand lie still, the pulseless heart have ceased its vibrations, and the spirit have dropped forever the mantle it wore, to go into a realm where Light, Truth, and Justice reign, and where the love of the All-Wise governs all. Then can be learned lessons of Life; then can His children know of the glorious inheritance which they may claim equally with all; then can they know the Infinite is impartial in His gifts, giving to all as they are unfolded to receive.

While Saidie would give freely to all the gospel of light and love she holds, and which will bless mankind, she sees where hearts are not receptive, where minds are not ready to receive in all their fullness and purity the truths which in the time to come will be unto everyone the bread of life and benediction of high heaven. Now, in the school-time of life, many still must learn of its principles, its governing laws, ere they can well comprehend these in their manifestations. You know but little of the laws which spirits, who have understood for ages, can make plain to you. Yet you come to us with your demands. You would have immortals prove to you their identity, would have us use every medial avenue to tell you we live, and try to make it plain to your critical understanding that we really are denizens of the spirit land.

Saidie censures not for this. She counsels her children to try the spirits ere they trust them, but she counsels each one also to look well to the thoughts and purposes of their own hearts. See that therein are no weeds of discord and selfishness. Inharmony with that which is pure, just, and right causes grief and sorrow in an angel's heart. Saidie has brought from the higher heavens to earth hearts a knowledge of the divine law of matehood expressed to humanity through the love of the guardian angel, who would be the power of infinite love to those whom they would lead out of darkness into light.

Not in the midnight darkness of earth conditions do they come, staining their own garments, and leaving you to grope therein, but wearing the radiant garments of celestial purity, they come to lend a helping hand to those they love with the pure, sacred love an angel may give to bless and uplift.

Saidie has seen with sorrowful heart, and turned from with shamed face, the teachings put forth through avenues where want of unfoldment has marred and tainted the truth which should come to humanity, as the pure fountain of all that is sacred and uplifting. For the guardians come to you from the heights, where no shadow of unholiness can reach, no blot of pollution tarnish the garments they wear.

Children in earth land, receive your guardians as the high and holy messengers of God's love to you. They are the guardians of the inner sanctuary of your lives. With them there exists a sacred oneness with yourselves; see to it, each and every one, that no shadow from your own lives casts a stain upon the pure garments of the bright immortal, who watches o'er you with a love not born of earth, but in the heart of Deity. Look to the guardians as holy ministers to you from the land of light and love, and not in any sense as earth companions.

Saidie would repeat here that all guardians are not dwellers of the higher spheres, as all earth children are not. There are masses in lower spheres beyond, and these would look to their earth counterparts to help them conquer the lesser good, that all may rise in the scale of being, and find at last the pathway home. Saidie would bless all; she would light the world, and give knowledge to every needy soul. She sees how ignorance closes the doors of wisdom, and her heart pities. She unfurls the banner of the higher heavens, and mankind behold, with critical eye and wondering heart, mind is not yet unfolded to the sun; man is not able to receive all its fullness; therefore Saidie bids her children be wise.

There must come a grand sifting time, for the chaff and wheat will be separated. Be of good cheer, ye our true workers; keep the lamp of love burning always; keep the heart tuned to the melodies of the better land, and Saidie's blessing is yours. In a land of adverse conditions you have upheld the banner of light nobly, uphold it still. The gospel of peace must find its way to the hearts of the people, e'en though at first there must come conflict sore. Be ye banded together, my children, then will your light shine bright and clear, and multitudes will see and rejoice.

In the war of human thought seek for wisdom to guide your own, and it shall be given unsparingly. Make heart and brain receptive to the truth angels bring from the higher spheres, and be assured we have not left our homes of light to give to earth's children that we know not of. That Saidie's teachings have in them elements of truth and wisdom, let your most unfolded natures prove; that they are exalted and tend to uplift humanity, let your own lives testify, and happiness untold waits to crown you in the realms of light and love, where truth reigns and justice rules.

The blessing of immortals be with each one, and peace be yours. SAIDIE.

J. B. FAYETTE, President and Corresponding Secretary of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

OSWEGO, N. Y., May 22, 1888.

Close up the saloons, stop the liquor traffic, and never mind the cry of, "What will the country do without the immense revenue derived from it?" The country will be immensely the gainer financially. The expense of police courts, of caring for convicts, etc., etc., will be so reduced that the balance on hand annually will be something to laugh over.—*The Better Way.*

Answers to Questions.

Continued from First Page.

Science, and having a Christian prefix, we stop and think for a moment and wonder, and yet in our wondering and amazement we at last say, God knows what he is doing; he is sugar-coating that dose that those Christians would not take in any other way, and they will get the spiritual idea. They turn to the spiritual side of man, they speak of the power of mind and spirit, and if you will only introduce the word "Christian" often enough they will take it readily. And while we find it is doing them good, we will let them grow in that direction, and after awhile they will rise up in the strength of their growth, throw off the mantle of prejudice, and gladly accept your Spiritualism. They will take the two and measure them as you measure them to-day, knowing that in reality Spiritualism held in its very beginning that man is as much a spirit when embodied as when disembodied, and all that a spirit is capable of doing when once free from the chain of the body, you as spirits in the mortal can do, when once you understand the law that governs you, when you understand your various relationships, and know the forces that are contained within you, and that are contained in the great reservoir of nature itself; that taking hold of these by the potent power of the will and the subtle power of the mind you can become all that spirits are, you can do all that they accomplish. Has not this been taught you again and again since the earliest hours? Have not all these which are embodied in these different things to-day been given to you through the various lessons, through one instrument and another, as Spiritualists? And are not these various teachings but another application of the same great principle which you have already received? I ask you this in honesty and sincerity of purpose, and I know that your answer is, yes.

Truth holds up a many-sided picture to her children to lure them to the hill-tops where they shall behold the light for themselves and accept it. She, like a kind mother, a loving tutor, a kindly friend, will advise you, give you a little of the light, hold up one beautiful picture before you, step back a little and then give you something more beautiful, until at last you are ready to receive just what she desires to give you in a plain, unvarnished lesson.

Little by little the millions are being led to-day; the truth is given to mankind in various ways, and sometimes even behind orthodox pulpits. We see the power of the spirit working upon the minds, gradually releasing them from their thralldom, bigotry, and superstition, and letting in a few rays of light, a little of the sunshine of this glorious truth you hold so dear, and as it grows into their sermons, so do they grow in popularity. Why, some people have said Spiritualism is not popular to-day, but I want to say to you that the most popular orthodox minister is one of whom the Spiritualists so often are heard to say, "Why, that man preaches Spiritualism every Sunday, and the Christians don't know it." This Spiritualism behind the pulpits is truth in its many garbs and various forms, and the message is thus brought to mankind.

Take whatsoever ye may of the eastern and oriental teachings of the past; gather the lessons of wisdom wherever you may find them; you will never get too much of light in this the nineteenth century.

The message of truth as it is given you from the spirit world must of necessity be somewhat diversified; you may not always recognize the influence, because through whatsoever channel it passes, it must partake, in a measure, of that channel and reflect it; it could not be otherwise. The highest intelligences in the spheres of life above when they touch an earth instrument will give the truth as best they can, but they are subject to the limitations of language, personality, and what they give in a measure must be tinctured, as it were, with the instrument through which it passes. So if you would look for perfection, look beyond to-day. If you would look for truth, look at the present hour, and be willing to accept it from the simplest instrument—from a little child or an untutored Indian, it may be, as the control of one of your mediums—from these to the highest intelligences who can touch a mind and inspire it to give forth their divinest thought, and it may be to quicken the intelligence of the instrument through which their thought passes.

This is where Spirltualism is to-day; this is where truth has ever been; it is within the limitations of the finite, though it is the breath and power of the Infinite. It comes as a revelation from the infinite spheres of life, and it comes to you with the limitations of the finite channels through which it necessarily flows, and ever thus must truth be received by you. But let your own mind and reason and all your powers of intelligence be on the alert, and take in that which in its application will make you stronger and better, and bring you into riper and richer experiences. Thus shall each of us make some progress in the pathway of the Infinite in which we are marching.

I beg pardon of this vast assembly to-night for my utterance, for I control a brain fired by that condition of weariness and exhaustion which, if it were not for the breath of love and power of sympathy and strong magnetic waves that come up from you, we should otherwise be silent, as we are unseen in your presence. Therefore, if we are not able to do full justice to these themes, remember that we also have the limitations that are touched by weariness, by long journeys, by the obstacles and difficulties. Our mediums must needs pass from continent to continent, from ocean to ocean, and though we have the advantages of the nineteenth century and its progress—and how grand and glorious they are,—yet it is not what we are looking for in the by and by, it is not what we are expecting when the power of mind shall have achieved more than it has already, and it is not what we would have it in the time to come.

Though we shall not look with the prophetic eye out into the future, we think we can look a little way over the past and from this can gather a lesson. We are told to-night by these indications that are around us that our mediums stand by the Golden Gate, when only a week ago the waters of the Atlantic washed at their feet, and to-day they can look out on the broad slope of the blue and beautiful Pacific. And when we look back a little way, need we go a century? Nay, verily, let us only go back forty or fifty years, and see the slow progress that man made in trying to cross the vast distance of which we have spoken, and then when you think of this, I think I could not make a prophecy so wild that you would not be ready to receive it. May I not safely say that Spiritualism will be the power of truth in the hands of the Infinite that shall sweep away error, and name the time at no distant day; that it shall unlock the doors of the tomb until the dead shall walk forth, not only revealed to your senses who are present here, but revealed to the senses even of those who are not willing to accept this revelation to-day? I believe I might look out with the wildest vision to-night, and it would be no more than it would have been for one of our forefathers a hundred years ago to have talked of the freedom of thought that is yours, to have talked of the power of navigation as it is known to-day, of the power of the telegraphic system and telephone, until ocean kisses ocean, continent shakes hand with continent, and all the earth by material and spiritual ties are brought together, and even hell and its power is lost to mankind.

Washington Matters.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Our year is closed, and our speakers mostly engaged for next season. We have organized a lyceum, and got it fairly started. We have also had about $2.000 subscribed toward a hall. We have had no boom, but have moved forward and upward slowly, steadily, with many intervening obstructions, among them the strong tendency to tackle Spiritualism to the tail of the Christian kite.

We have several speakers who are secret converts. Dr. Newman, so says well authenticated rumor, lately elected as a Methodist bishop, is a Spiritualist, medium, and has circles in his family, which a royal few attend.

Talmage's tirade has reacted and exposed his hypocrisy. The sermon preached a few months ago, practically endorsing Spiritualism, produced such a carnival of contention in the Tabernacle herd, that he was compelled to sell his soul and go back upon himself for the flesh pots of the Tabernacle.

One of his chief elders—a medical medium, who has been a trance speaker, and now acts under the control of an uncle—is successful and crowded with patients, and all with the knowledge and approval of Talmage; thus proving him one of the most arrant fraudulent pretenders before the public, out Heroding Herod, and eclipsing all the fraudulent mediums in the country!

The New York *World*, to sustain its assumed and false position, has made an armed (eight stalwart men) attack upon Mrs. Gray's son (Hugh), whose mediumship is beyond doubt, and came out second best. Besides, the *World* has upon its hands a probable suit for libel and heavy damages. The old, old story, "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

The Woman's World's Convention, lately held here, was one of the marked events of the age. Its manner, matter and personel distinguished and indicate that the cause of woman has come to stay.

On last Friday night I was at a circle where a member of Congress and wife were present, who have circles at home, and were on a tour of investigation. A few days ago Senator Reagan attended one of Keeler's light seances, and received written communications from Tombs and Benjamin, under what may be deemed test conditions, as Keeler was not apprised of the presence of the Senator. I do not write this because I think Senators are wiser or better than other people, but to show the signs of progress. Keeler has had all and more than he could do the past season, and other mediums have been well sustained. W. B. WOLFF.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Men are tatooed with their special beliefs like so many South-Sea Islanders; but a real human heart, with divine love in it, beats with the same glow under all the paterns of all earth's thousand tribes. —*O. Wendell Holmes.*

Make good use of to-day; you are not sure of to-morrow.

The New Attack.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I find myself again urged to call the attention of your readers, and all liberalists, to the fact that there is a concerted attack, if not a regular conspiracy for that purpose, simultaneously wherever there can be found the least opportunity, and also to the necessity of organized resistance to the persistent encroachments upon the rights of conscience, and the freedom of the press.

The animus and extent of the new attack is seen in the various suits brought, in Boston, New York, Chicago, Grand Rapids, etc., and the attempt on the part of the New York *World* to sustain its position and animus by mere brute force, to capture the mediums in the person of the spirit, as in the case of Mrs. Gray and her son, whose mediumship is beyond doubt, as was demonstrated by the failure of eight stalwart men, who came fully equipped for the venture, to hold the spirit, or medium if you please, the medium being a small and slender man as I remember him. I have seen this medium, when a mere boy, subjected to test conditions which were absolute. On this same occasion a young man came, in violation of a solemn pledge, prepared to violate the conditions regardless of consequences. Before the seance opened, he was detected by the control, confessed, and was expelled from the circle, but again admitted on security that he would behave. Enough occurred to silence his doubts, and he has sung dumb ever after.

In addition to all this, we are confronted with new bills before Congress, enlarging the scope of the "Obscene Literature Law" (§ 3895 Rev. Stat., and amended July 12, '76), to wit: A bill to amend Section 5480, Rev. Stat., which is so ambiguous and latitudinal that it extends jurisdiction over all mail matter which the agents of the "Vice Society," of New York, may deem unlawful or in violation of Section 3893. To this add Senator Blair's bill (2983) for the enforcement of the Christian Sabbath, and the organized determination of the doctrine to procure laws to protect them in the monopoly of legal killing, and you have a scintillation—a prophecy of what is in store for us if we continue the non-resistant policy.

He who would be free must himself first strike the blow, and he who would not be enslaved must guard with eternal vigilance the birth-right of freedom, and be ready to die rather than be enslaved.

As I said heretofore, few of even the liberalists are aware of the encroachments already made, or of the vigorous efforts put forth by the churches surreptitiously, to compel the recognition which they can not get by moral suasion or logic, and of the doctors to make their dominion over our bodies absolute. Not satisfied with having made stock patients out of all civilization by vaccination, whereby the blood of the race has been corrupted, rotted our teeth and bones with calomel, made drunkards of us by the various preparations of opium, alcohol, ether, quinine, etc., etc., they are now resolved that we shall not be cured by any other process, but remain the victims of their selfish ignorance, and die *secundem artem*. Already, in nearly all the States, they have the power to prosecute all those who have not bowed to their Juggernauts. At their late medical convention at Cincinnati, they resolved to carry the war into every unsubjugated State, and at the same time limit the number of graduates, and thus make a monopoly of the legal killing business.

This is the state of facts with which we are confronted. Between the two conspiracies, we are likely to be ground very fine, unless we rise in our might and resist, if need be, to the death.

Just now, in the case of Dr. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, Mich., we have a chance to show our grit by coming at once to the rescue. He is a magnetic healer, who has been prosecuted, convicted, and is appealing to the U. S. Supreme Court, for the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the law.

His cause is our cause. What they have done to him, they are ready to do to every other "healer." If this law is sustained, every "healer" must leave Michigan or be martyred. If the law is not sustained, then it will affect every similar law in other States. It is therefore of vital importance that this case should have the best ability in the country, and this can not be done without money.

I omitted to say that in a late hearing before Postoffice Commission, House of Representatives, I was confronted with Comstock and the religious elements in force, with resolutions endorsing the Comstock Law and his methods passed by a large body of Baptists then in session here—that they openly avowed their purpose to use the law to enforce their ideas; that they made no attempt to reply to my argument; and applied the vilest epithets and innuendoes within the decencies of language to all liberals.

I may further say that the Comstock Law was smuggled through two days before the close of the session, and being a law, the members of both parties are not merely afraid to repeal it, but are afraid to refuse to extend its scope, lest they be stranded politically. Thus the Church is holding this rod over their heads, and coercing them into obedience to their behests. Thus they have practically the control of Congress, and will use their power to the fullest extent.

Now shall we sit supinely down and allow this status to progress until our consciences are tethered by the priests, and our heads laid upon the block by the doctors. For my part, hereafter as heretofore, when I need help or hindrance in the matter of the final passage, I shall insist on the inherent right to choose the doctor who shall see me safe over.

Once for all, I want to say that the claim of paotecting the people is a fraudulent pretense of the worst sort. No pretended medium or healer ever perpetrated baser. As in the case of the Church, it is a confession of weakness and failure to command by merit. Hence the resort to law. If I had my way, I would abolish all diplomas, and make all professions stand or fall upon the merits of their work, as in other callings.

Diplomas can not give capacity or character; both should exist in every doctor. When colleges can guarantee these, they may say, "Take thou authority." But if they have them already, why the farce of conferring that which can not be conferred and is already in possession?

To stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance, I repeat a part of my former article in regard to God already in the Constitution:

"We have hundreds of millions of Church property exempted, which we are taxed to exempt; sectarian institutions supported out of public funds. We are taxed to pay Chaplains, National and State. We have sectarian laws against blasphemy, which, if enforced, would maim our bodies; oaths upon Bibles in all Courts, which bind men to that which the Court can not enforce—beyond their jurisdiction; statutes so loosely drawn that our mediums are compelled to pay license as common shows; medical laws, National and State, subjecting our 'healers' to fine and imprisonment; statutes in all States enforcing the Christian Sabbath; statutes against profanity and blasphemy of the orthodox God; a constitutional provision against the establishment of any form of religion, *but none against its establishment by any State* (a matter of the greatest gravity); the 'Comstock Obscene Literature Law,' smuggled through Congress under Church influence, amended at Church dictation."

Further amendments are proposed from the same source, by and through which the fanatical, bigoted, unscrupulous agents of the Church are creating crime to prevent crime, avowedly in favor of doing evil that good may come, arresting and punishing innocent persons, inveighing against high art, preventing the circulation of standard and other medical works necessary to protect our children from the effects of ignorance and incompetency of doctors, and instituting an espionage upon all mail matter. Bills before Congress enlarging the scope of their designs upon free conscience, speech and press; a national association to thrust God nominally into the Constitution, further, if possible, than the above status puts him; and a medical conspiracy against the right to our own bodies.

And this we call a Republican Government, this our right to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," this our protection against legal religion! I feel like saying right here, as I once said to a mob in Kansas, during that memorable struggle, "He who would not die rather than be a slave, is unworthy of freedom—should be a slave!"

Let us not deceive ourselves. We are in a great crisis, where truth and justice are contending against error and injustice. The conflict is irrepressible. Authority and power will resist and die hard. Their last great struggle is now upon them. Force and fraud are their only implements. These they are using and will use to re-inforce their position.

I am no pessimist, but I am where I see and feel these things daily. I have had to go into Courts in this District to defend our mediums. We lecture and hold meetings by the *courtesy* of the District Commissioners. My attention is constantly called to the numerous prosecutions for offences against religious and medical creeds, going on all over the country, and to the fact that the burden of the defense falls upon the victims, or a few personal friends, while they are martyred for our sakes in a common cause.

I once more call on all lovers of free conscience, speech, and press, to organize for defense and aggressive work—the repeal of all laws enforcing creeds of all kinds. Set aside all minor interests and prejudices; make common cause against common enemies. Notify your Congressmen and State Legislators that it is time to halt! that there must be an *absolute divorce* of Church and State; that the Church must have no special pre-emptions of law; that it must stand upon its own basis; that all forms of thought must stand with perfect equality under the law, and that the State must omit the enforcement of creeds, and confine itself to matters of common secular morality, belonging to the material plane; in a word, that the gods must take care of their devotees, and allow us to take care of ourselves. So mote it be.

Meantime, let us push the case of Dr. Knowles to the limit of the law, and test the constitutionality of laws abridging our right to life (health), liberty, and happiness. Contributions sent to me at 103 F street, N. E. Washington, D. C., or to Dr. Knowles, 111 Division street, will be duly acknowledged and properly applied; or, send to GOLDEN GATE, and let them be sent forward by the editor.

J. B. WOLFF.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The following idea of God was given through a child medium of eight years, the daughter of a friend of the writer: "Tell us what you know of God." "We have never seen God, and do not think any one ever has, or will see Him." "Please give us your idea of God." "Take everything that exists—*everything*—and God is the Life, the Soul or the Spirit of it all." Could a Talmage have given a better answer?

⁂

We are all, more or less, subject to psychic influences both from the seen and unseen world. It should be the study of every life to understand the nature of these influences, and to so school his own spirit as to be positive to influences for evil, and negative, or receptive to the good. In this happy equipoise of soul man can steadily move onward and upward to better and higher conditions of spiritual unfoldment, even unto companionship with angels.

⁂

Spiritualists can never know how much of real joy there is in their beautiful philosophy until their own spirits are brought into harmony with the divine spirit of love and charity for all. The mere acceptance of a belief in the facts of spirit phenomena is of no benefit to any one, without the adaptation of one's life to the teachings that come with such phenomena. But entered into in the right spirit, and with the soul attuned to the harmonies of the higher life, there is in this new gospel such a wealth of joy as no tongue can express.

⁂

Public journalists ought to be just, but often they are not. To call those pretenders who advertise themselves as "prince clairvoyants," born with "double veils," who can "reveal the past, present and the future," and "tell you more than any two clairvoyants you ever knew;" and who deal in "love powders," "Egyptian charms," etc.,—to call such people mediums or Spiritualists, is a gross journalistic indecency. Do not the reporters know that no intelligent Spiritualist in the land takes any stock in such humbugs? If not, they ought to.

⁂

The lesson which the Teacher seemed to regard as of the utmost importance, and one which he enforced upon his hearers and followers upon all occasions, was that of charity. He regarded one who had no charity in his heart for the weaknesses and shortcomings of his fellow beings as one who came far short of the kingdom—that is, of that state or condition of spirit conducive to the truest happiness in this life and the next. Of the three graces, Faith, Hope and Charity, a certain ritual declares—"The greatest of these "is charity; for Faith may be lost in sight, "Hope ends in fruition, but charity extends "beyond the grave throughout the countless ages "of eternity."

⁂

The facts and philosophy of Spiritualism are inseparably united. They must necessarily go through the world hand in hand. The philosophy without the phenomena would tax the credulity of men as never did the myths and fables of superstition. It would be the old impossibility of intelligent belief by faith. We must substitute knowledge for speculation, and knowledge of spirit existence and its power to return can only come with the positive manifestations, as given through our mediums. Hence, there should not be the slightest occasion for inharmony among Spiritualists on this point. Each phase of Spiritualism is a "part of one stupendous whole."

⁂

Read in the light of the new Gospel, the old Hebrew melodies of David have a new meaning. In fact, the old and revered writings of any people become luminous with spiritual light, when once our spirits become illuminated with the light of truth. They are the poetic inspirations of races of human beings just emerging from the darkness of barbarism, embodying often grand lessons of life that are as good to-day as they were when uttered centuries ago. "A new commandment give I unto you," said Jesus, "that ye love one another." Can any better advice than that be given to the world in these modern times? Can the attrition of the ages, or the erosion of time ever wear out or deface the "Golden Rule?" It is thus with all truth that has its origin in the higher spiritual nature of man.

⁂

There is but little, if any, virtue in giving what one doesn't want, or what one can give and never miss, or can spare without any inconvenience to himself. That kind of giving, although commendable, is never very highly inspiring to the giver. The giving of the "widow's mite," spoken of in the Chirstian Scripture, was a far grander act, in a spiritual sense, than the giving of thousands by others who have tens of thousands to give. Neither is there much virtue in post mortem benevolence; for that is simply giving away the property of others; it belongs then to one's heirs, if he has any; if not, then it belongs to the State. Ownership of earthly possessions, lapses with the last breath. A disposition of property for charitable purposes by will is a good deal like the proposition of Artemas Ward, to sacrifice all of his wife's relatives on the altar of his country, before the Union should be dissolved! The good we would do in this world we should do now.

⁂

It is very hard for man to reconcile himself to the inevitable. He can not understand why he should be compelled to occupy a weak, sickly body, while his neighbor is strong and robust;—why his child should be taken from him, and his neighbor's left;—why he should struggle on in poverty, toiling early and late for the bare necessities of life, while his neighbor revels in affluence. If he could only realize how little difference, really, there is between the condition of his neighbor and that of himself, with the advantage often in his own favor, he would cease repining. Wealth has cares and anxieties that poverty little knows. Health of body and mind; capacity to enjoy the beauty and grandeur of nature; love, with all its sacred ties and promptings; aspiration, hope, the pleasure of knowledge, the true gladness of existence,—which are about all there is of this life,—are quite as much, if not really more, the property of the poor man as of the rich. Lift up your head, O my struggling brother, and be glad.

HOW TO BE CONVINCED!

Mrs. E. L. Watson, the "Little Preacher," of the Temple, was interviewed the other day in Chicago by a reporter for the *Sunday Herald*. In addition to some very surprising things concerning mediums and mediumship, which she is reported as having said, we find the following advice to investigators:

"Suppose a person, anxious to investigate the phenomena of Spiritualism, should come to you and ask for instruction; what would you say to that person?"

"I would reply, '*Do not seek evidence through test mediums*. Do not go near business mediums and those who advertise.' Then if I found this inquirer sincere, I would name some person in private life to whom I would send the searcher after spiritual truth."

If Mrs. Watsan really did say that, which we can hardly believe, are we to understand that the "person in private life," to whom she would send the anxious investigator, should *not* be a test medium? How can the phenomena of Spiritualism be demonstrated except through test mediums? and how can such mediums be found or generally known, unless they advertise? In fact, how could the public know when the "Little Preacher" would hold forth at the Temple or elsewhere, and what would be the subject of her discourse, if it was not advertised in the papers?

To advise an investigator of the truth of Spiritualism not to seek for the proof thereof through test mediums (always premising that she gave any such singular advice), reminds us of the mother's precaution to her "darling daughter," when granting her permission to "go out to swim:"

"Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water."

Without test mediums, we apprehend, Spiritualism would make slow headway in the world. Our platform speakers would surely have a sorry time of it, if they depended upon the philosophy of Spiritualism alone (which could only be speculative), to fill their halls.

Returned.—Mrs. Ada L. Ballou, the inspired artist and well-known lecturer, returned, on Saturday last, from a three years' sojourn in Australia. During her absence she was an honored guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stanford, of Melbourne, the latter a brother of Governor Stanford. Mrs. Ballou has a host of friends on this coast, especially among the Grand Army boys. She is a member of Lincoln Post, G. A. R., of this city, and was also attached to the Thirty-second Wisconsin Infantry as matron during the late war, having been appointed by Surgeon-General Wolcott. She was with the regiment in the field, and rendered most valuable services in the hospitals at Memphis and St. Louis. She finds a marked advance in spiritual thought and unfoldment here since she left. We hope she may locate permanently in this city.

—Mr. John Slater has kindly volunteered to give the State Camp-Meeting Association a benefit, at the Camp Ground, on Monday evening, June 18th. The big tent will no doubt be packed.

DR. JEWELL ON SPIRITUALISM.

Our old friend, Dr. F. F. Jewell, of San Jose, on Sunday last, delivered a discourse on "Our Neighbors the Spiritualists," in which we find these hospitable words, as reported in the *Mercury*:

On approaching this subject, I am struck with the large quantity of truth there is in it. It largely rests on the principles on which our faith rests. · · · Open this Bible and you find the existence of these spirits noticed everywhere. In common with us, they believe that we ourselves belong to a spiritual world, that we have a spirit element in our nature, and that in fact we are spirits.

A very fair statement of the case. Again he says:

In agreement with us, they believe that the disembodied spirits of persons who have lived in this world, on passing into the other, retain an interest in the things earthly, and continue to watch our lives.

We are glad to know that we are in agreement with the Church, in which Bro. Jewell is a bright and shining light, on this question. In fact, we can not well see how anyone who really *believes* in a future life can afford to dispute our evidences thereof. The Church ought to take us to its heart for bringing forth the positive demonstration of independent spirit existence, a fact which it proclaims through faith only. But here comes a startling announcement, and one which gives us hope that the time may yet come when Bro. Jewell, like some other wise divines we could name, will become a herald of the new, but really old, gospel, and practice his divine gifts in the performance of some of those "greater things" promised by the Teacher:

Now I am positive to-night there are at least twenty people in this audience who could go with me into my study adjoining, and that after being seated for a sufficient time around the table, raps would be heard plainly enough to satisfy the most anxious Spiritualist, and perhaps that the table would come out into this audience chamber. In a sense I am a medium, and could convince you of my ability to make a table tip, but it has never affected my faith in the religion of my fathers or of the Bible.

He then gives some of the reasons why he "can not abide by these people," some of which, it seems to us, are exceedingly attenuated. For instance: "They take advantage of people in "the times of their grief and sorrow, to foist their "foul propositions upon them, frequently causing "insanity." Now, Bro. Jewell, are you quite sure that a belief in the fundamental teachings of Spiritualism, with its bright hope, in the process of spiritual unfoldment, of a future of happiness for all our loved ones, is any more productive of insanity than the teaching that some of them are consigned to eternal torment? And is it really true that Spiritualism causes any more insanity than does Christianity? Surely the records of our insane asylums make no such showing.

Another reason given by our brother why he does not come to abide with us is that Spiritualists "do not accept this Bible, the God of this "Bible, and the Saviour of the world." Well, now, Spiritualists have no quarrel with the Bible. They accept all of the sacred writings of any people, that appeals to their reason. They also believe in that Infinite Energy some call God, and in Jesus, their Elder Brother, as *a* savior of the world, in the sense that all grand and noble souls are saviors of their fellow beings.

Spiritualists do *not* believe that they can shift the responsibility of their sins upon the conscience of an innocent person, and thereby escape the consequences of their transgressions; neither do they believe that Infinite Justice requires that the innocent should suffer for the guilty.

We should dislike to ask Bro. Jewell his honest opinion on these points, as his answer might cripple his usefulness in a church where he is really doing much good. Methodist Conferences have a way of stifling a too liberal expression of opinion, as they did in the case of Elder Simonds and Dr. Dryden.

AN INTELLIGENT CRITIC.(?)

The Tulare *Register*, of May 30th, devotes a leading editorial of over three columns in length to the extirpation of Spiritualism! The qualification of the editor to undertake this herculean task may be inferred from the following excerpt from said article:

"Can and do the souls of persons who have once lived upon this earth return to the earth after death and communicate with persons still living? That is the question, and we unhesitatingly answer that we do not know a thing in the world about it, and, furthermore, we are not going to try to find out about it."

This monumental ignoramus (by his own admission) who flippantly indulges in the stale imbecility of speaking of Spiritualists as "long-haired men and short-haired women," and who spreads himself over so much surface in denunciation of what he admits he does "not know a thing in the world about," is a fair representative of the class of preachers and editors who are just now, all along the line, discharging their pop guns at the impregnable citadel of Spiritualism.

We do not propose to pother with such admitted ignorance. Our pearls are too precious to cast before such antagonists. We here refer to this last fusilade of abuse merely to commend the frankness of the writer in admitting his absolute want of the first qualification to speak upon the subject of Spiritualism. The Revs. Talmage, Harcourt, Dille, Scudder, etc., etc., might profit by the example of this man's ingenuous Admission.

IN A QUANDARY

Editor of Golden Gate:

I hope you will give the following space in your valuable paper, and if you can throw any light on one portion of my letter, you will confer a favor on me, and I doubt not on numbers of your other subscribers.

My object in writing is two-fold. Firstly, I want to ask if you can explain why it is that the controls, or the spirits surrounding mediums, give fraudulent messages, when the same are so easily detected by the receiver; and in the second place, I want to enter a protest against those mediums who take money from their patrons without giving any equivalent for it.

I have had sittings with various mediums in San Francisco, but I regret to say that I have not received anything at all satisfactory, and know of several people who have had a similar experience.

Not long since, I had a sitting with one of San Francisco's best mediums. The sitting lasted scarcely twenty minutes, part of which time was occupied in instructing me what I was to do, and also in going into and coming out of the trance state, and the balance of the time—some ten or twelve minutes—was taken up with a string of meaningless words; for all of which I paid one dollar; and left much disgusted.

A short time afterwards, I was advised to visit another well known medium, and I had almost a similar experience, only the sitting occupied about an hour, and several of my relatives were said to to be present. (I have omitted to say that the first medium did not say that any of my friends were there.) I was told by this medium that my father was present, but could not communicate; and on inquiring the reason, was answered, "He says he can't say anything now, but will write through your own hand soon." And it occurred to me that if he could "say" all that, he could also say something to satisfy me that it was really he who was communicating. For this I also paid one dollar.

More recently I had a sitting with another medium who is spoken very highly of, but I was not more successful than with the other two. I wrote five questions, addressed to as many spirits, to all of which I received replies, but I am as convinced as I am that I live, that not one of those five spirits whose names were signed to the communications, wrote or dictated one word of the messages. My father had forgotten what his middle name was, and neither my sister nor my cousin (whose Christian names are uncommon) could write the names they were known by, but could only sign the initial letter. For this sitting, of about fifty minutes, I paid three dollars.

I might tell you of the circles I have attended —25 cent circles, 10 cent circles, and circles without any monetary consideration — but it would be useless, as I have always had the same experience.

I am a Spiritualist, and have been one for about two years past, but I have never received a single test, although, as I have said, I have had spirits or mediums try to palm off on me the most fraudulent messages.

How can we blame outsiders for calling us hard names, when our mediums co-operate with their controls in giving their patrons messages purporting to come from some loved one, when the same is a bare-faced fraud, and is only for the purpose of getting the price of the sitting. How much better are such than the charlatans who were exposed in yesterday's *Chronicle!* I think you will agree with me that they are equally bad.

I am not well off, and can not afford to throw my money away in such a fashion, but I would cheerfully pay to any medium who would get for me a genuine message from my friends, his well earned fee.

I hope I have not taken up too much of your space, and trust this may do some good by letting mediums know what their methods are thought of by many of their patrons. Yours, etc.,

A Lover of the Truth.

P. S.—I consider it only fair to add that I have had a sitting with Mr. W. R. Colby, the slate-writer, but got nothing from him. I took up an hour of his time, and offered to pay him for it, but he would not take a cent, his rule being, "Satisfaction guaranteed or no pay." He however said he would be glad to have me try again, which I intend to do.

San Francisco, June 11, 1888.

ANSWER.

The experience of our correspondent is not unusual with investigators in the mystic realm of psychic forces. While some persons, indeed many, scarcely ever fail of receiving the most positive and convincing evidence of spirit identity, through any good medium, others can get nothing but seeming guesses at the truth, or what may appear to them as downright deception. Why this is thus is one of the hard questions that has puzzled both mortals and spirits.

We have heard well known and reliable mediums say they could never obtain messages from their spirit friends through other mediums. Perhaps our correspondent possesses strong but latent spirit powers, and that if he would sit passively, in the quiet of his own room, say a half hour each evening just before retiring, in a subdued light, he might ere long obtain, through his own spiritual gifts, the evidence he seeks.

No matter how earnest or honest an investigator may be, there may be some peculiarity of his own psychic aura that prevents its ready assimilation with that of the medium, in which case his spirit friends may be unable to reach him. It was not until after much study of psychic conditions, and years of firm conviction of the general truth of spirit communion, that the writer was able to draw close to the spirit world, and his friends upon the other side the veil could come to him with absolute certainty as to identity.

Our correspondent should remember that the investigator is quite as important a factor in the production of convincing tests of spirit presence as the medium; and that it is only where perfect harmony of conditions exists, that perfect results can be obtained. We would advise him to persist in his search after truth, and to do so with his own spirit attuned to the higher harmonies—to ever aspire for the best in his own life. The light will surely break upon his vision in time.

IN CAMP.

The past week has been marked by a series of grand meetings in Camp, with a very large and interested attendance.

The sociable and literary entertainment of Friday evening last, followed by a dance, constituted a pleasant little episode and diversion from the more serious duties and delights of the week.

Sunday was, of course, a gala day. The morning lecture, by W. J. Colville, was the finest we ever listened to from the lips of that inspired speaker. It was most heartily enjoyed by an immense audience. It was followed by tests by that platform wonder, Edgar W. Emerson. And just here we want to say for Mr. Emerson, that his tests are simply astounding, and his manner so pleasing as to draw him close to the hearts of all Spiritualists. In the afternoon, the honored President of the Camp-Meeting Association, Hon. I. C. Steele, occupied the platform, delivering an offhand discourse replete with grand spiritual thoughts. In the evening of the same day it is estimated that not less than two thousand people were present to listen to that beautifully inspired soul, Mrs. R. S. Lillie. Her theme was "The Home Here and Hereafter." She said there was no word that has a deeper meaning and greater significance in all our language, if she excepted the single one of mother, than the word home. The grandest principle of redemption from the evils that are ours to-day, we believe to rest in the power of home. It is through the governing power of love, rather than might, that has built in our midst that beautiful kingdom called home. Home is where our loved ones are, no matter how humble the palace, how lowly the habitation. The foundation of the true home is the divine principle of love between two hearts; here is the bottom-round or the corner-stone of the great structure. There is something in our human nature that craves this encircling love of home, and where our strongest affections and emotions find a true expression.

Every true home is a republic; it is governed by the members of that home; every one of them has a voice; love should sit upon the throne holding its silent sceptre of power over every member of the household. Until this is the case, home is not what it should be, and what it will be in the future.

Those who enter the marriage relation should not be ignorant of the laws governing their own being; certainly not of the first principles of life, which continually results in a weak or criminal offspring, who fill our penitentiaries and insane asylums.

In the larger and broader sense, we should look upon the world as our home; everyone of us as children and brothers and sisters of this great home, doing our utmost and our best to make every other member of this wide circle as happy as we possibly can. And while we speak of this vast home of the earthly land, we look at these little homes that form the little circles as wheels within a wheel, and here we say that mother love and father love, a true knowledge of what it is to live, what it is to be, what we are to give to our posterity, is the foundation or beginning where crime is to be eradicated and mankind redeemed. She said she did not believe it was to be so much in altars reared outside of home, in faiths or creeds, that this work is to be wrought out.

It is so frequently said that the sphere of woman is the sphere of home, the sphere of motherhood. We realize it fully, but at the same time we know she can not fill a sphere as she ought until it is filled as the equal partner, in every sense of the word, with her companion, and aid him to make the laws on the outside that shall govern these inner circles.

On Monday evening, W. J. Colville answered questions in his usual ready and entertaining manner, among which we note the following:

Question—What is spirit?

Answer—What is life, being, energy, power? what is the life principle? It is as easy to answer the question in one form as another. Every philosopher admits that something is self-existent. Who made God—suppose someone made God—who made mortals? There is the question; you can't get rid of it. Everybody has to admit that something is self-existent. The speaker maintained that spirit itself is the self-existent force, power, and energy; it never began to be, and it never will cease to be. It is life itself, holding in potency all the actualized expressions of existence round about you. Spirit to us is the one absolute element; it contains within itself the possibilities of all expression; it is the essential and ever present cause, of which the objective universe is the ever present effect.

On Tuesday evening, Dr. W. W. McKaig discoursed to a fine audience on "Eternal Punishment," in which he presented, in his usual scholarly manner, the psychological phase of the rise and growth of the horrid thought, as held and taught in the Christian Church.

On Wednesday afternoon, that grand inspirational speaker, J. J. Morse, occupied the platform, and Mrs. Lillie, on the evening of the same day. We are pleased to learn that in consequence of the urgency of many friends, Bro. Morse has consented to remain after the Camp, and continue his work in this city, where he is much needed, for several months to come. He will lecture independently, and will no doubt be well sustained.

In addition to the above, there have been fact and conference meetings, classes in spiritual science, developing circles, etc.

PROGRAM.

Following is the program of exercises at the Camp during the coming week:

Saturday,	June	16,	2:30 P. M.,	Lecture	Mrs. R. S. Lillie
"	"	"	7:30 P. M.,	"	* Wm. E. Coleman
Sunday,	"	17,	11.00 P. M.,	"	* J. J. Owen
"	"	"	2.00 P. M.,	Memorial Service	
"	"	"	7:30 P. M.,	"	* J. J. Morse
Tuesday,	"	19	7:30 P. M.,	"	Dr. C. C. Peet
Wednes'y,	"	20	7:30 P. M.,	"	Mrs. R. S. Lillie
Thursday,	"	21	7:30 P. M.,	"	*Mrs. J. Schlesinge
Friday,	"	22	2:30 P. M.,	Children's Day.	

At all lectures marked with a (*) Mr. Edgar W. Emerson will give tests from the platform.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—"S. P. C.," Minneapolis—Next week.

—The "Log Cabin" Restaurant on the Camp ground is now in fine running order, and is a great convenience to visitors. The tables are well provided, and the terms low.

—The Society for Theosophical Research meets every Friday at 7:45 P. M. Mrs. Harris lectures on Theosophy every Sunday at 2:30, and a general public meeting is held at 7:45 P. M.

—Mrs. Sarah A. Harris will make engagements to lecture before Spiritualist's societies, and to teach classes in mental science, or the "Divine Law of Cure." Address, Berkeley, Cal.

—Our excellent contemporary, the *Banner of Light*, translates from the *New Spiritualistiche Blatter*, of Berlin, the "Spiritual Experiences of an Old Sea Captain," which appeared originally in the GOLDEN GATE.

—We are informed that the missionary appropriations made at the regular annual meeting of the Board of Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, which assembled recently in Nashville, amounted to $300,000.

—Mrs. M. E. Ayer, the psycho-magnetic healer, of Oakland, has a tent at the Camp Ground (No 21), and is prepared to administer to the afflicted. Her recovered patients, of whom there are many, speak highly of her powers.

—We regret to learn that Dr. Henry Rogers, the wonderful instrument for independent spirit painting, is suffering from the effects of poison oak, he having contacted the poison while on a recent visit to his lands in the Santa Cruz hills.

—The following will be the order of exercises at the Camp to-morrow (Sunday) morning, June 17th, at 11 A. M. sharp: Vocal duet, Mr. and Mrs. Lillie; invocation, W. J. Colville; solo, Mr. Lillie; lecture, J. J. Owen, solo, W. J. Colville; tests, Edgar W. Emerson.

—Last Wednesday evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, Mrs. A. D. Wiggin spoke for the Society to a fair audience. The subject was "Spiritaulism," which was well handled. At the close Mrs. Wiggin spoke of the good work of the Society, which resulted in a very fair collection.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Evans will sail for Australia on the steamship "Alameda," which sails on the 25th of August. They do not expect to hold any seances after the 15th of August. The cause in San Francisco will miss two grand instruments for the invisibles when they leave us.

—We hear excellent reports of the mediumship of Mrs. C. J. Meyer, of 2514 1-2 Sutter street. She is a clairvoyant, trance, business and developing medium, and her terms for sittings are only $1. Mrs. Meyer holds a public circle every Thursday evening. Admission, gentlemen 50 cents; ladies 25 cents.

—"A little more than one year ago," writes a subscriber, "I began investigating Spiritualism, "and now can say I *know* that our dear departed ones still live, and can, and do, return "to us, and feel much consolation and happiness "in thus knowing, for, previous to my investigation (for fifteen years), I was a materialist, and "had no hope or expectation of meeting my kindred 'gone before.'"

—At the Camp-Meeting W. J. Colville's class so completely outgrew the limited dimensions of the reception tent that the Directors gladly gave the use of the large tent, where the lessons are given Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 10 A. M. As the seating capacity is so large, and the place so public, ten cents admits any person who desires to attend a single session. Mrs. Shipley officiates at the piano in a manner truly delightful to all lovers of good music.

—If the traducers of some of our best abused mediums would but learn to emulate them in gentleness of spirit or kindness of heart, the benefit to their own spirits would be incalculable. We know one—a representative one—of this much abused class, who is always doing good to someone—giving benefit seances to the poor, and never losing her temper, nor turning upon her revilers. She thinks kindly and acts kindly. Could not her defamers profit by her example in this?

—W. J. Colville's class opened Tuesday, June 12th, at 10 A. M., with over fifty students; the exercises were intensely interesting. After music, W. J. Colville gave an inspirational improvisation on subjects given by the audience, and then proceeded with a masterly address on "Spiritual Science the Only Solvent of Life's Mystery." After the lecture many questions were answered on Theosophy and kindred topics. The second lecture was given Thursday, June 14th. The remaining four will take place Tuesdays and Thursdays, June 19th, 21st, 26th, and 28th.

METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE.—Some very interesting gatherings of this College have recently been held at 106 McAllister street. Among the most agreeable and successful should be specially mentioned the charming reunion of students and friends, under the able presidency of Mrs. Josephine Wilson, on Wednesday, June 11th, at 2:30 P. M. The platform was beautifully decorated with beautiful flowers, and the hall generally presented a delightful appearance. The College Choral Society rendered excellent music, assisted by the audience in well known hymns. Speeches of rare excellence and much ability were made by Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Cramer, Mrs. Chainey, W. J. Colville, and others. A spirit of the most delightful fraternity prevailed in the assembly, which numbered about one hundred and fifty persons, many of them visitors. After the exercises a collection for charitable objects was taken. A considerable sum was realized. Mrs. Wilson deserves most hearty congratulation for her great success in carrying forward a work of great importance in enlightening many persons who, until meeting her, had never been favorably attracted toward Spiritual Science or Spiritualism. Mrs. Wilson's work can scarcely be over-estimated. She is evidently filling a most useful position both as a teacher and healer.

CONCERNING W. J. COLVILLE'S FORTHCOMING BOOK.

A number of friends having already sent their subscription to this office for W. J. Colville's new work, "Mental Therapeutics," to be issued in September, we would respectfully remind all who desire to secure this large and valuable work, extending, as it will, to nearly 300 pages, handsomely bound in cloth, at the ridiculously low price of 50 cents, that this offer positively closes June 30th; after that date 75 cents must accompany each order. W. J. Colville requires money at once to pay the publishers before the book is out, and therefore offers this extraordinary inducement.

The work will consist of a synopsis of twelve class lessons not contained in any previous volume; answers to nearly three hundred questions pertaining to almost every conceivable subject of interest to students of the science and philosophy of spirit and its expressions. An appendix will be added, in which a record of remarkable and thoroughly authentic cases of healing by spiritual agency will constitute the principal feature.

Mental healers, and all who desire to possess themselves of a complete manual of philosophy and practical instruction bearing on many of the most important and interesting topics of the day, have now an opportunity to obtain for half a dollar an amount of information rarely, if ever, collected and presented in so convenient a form by any one at any time.

DISLOYAL SENTIMENT.

After a good century of enjoyment of the rights, privileges, civil and religious liberties, vouchsafed to American citizens by our Constitution, the so-called Reformed Presbyterians rise up and condemn the grand old instrument of their freedom, by declaring it "disloyal to Christ!"

The General Synod of this church adopted a resolution on May 31st, affirming their conviction that "the Constitution of the United States "is a virtual agreement or compact to administer "the Government without reference to Christ or "the Christian religion, and that an incorporation with the Government on the basis of this "Constitution is therefore an act of disloyalty to "Christ."

That is precisely what the Constitution declares, and it is hardly supposable that the Presbyterians have just arrived at an understanding of so explicit a declaration. There is more manifest treason in that resolution than has been manifested by American subjects since the days of Arnold.

No one would have been surprised had it emanated from a Roman Catholic quarter, from which such sentiments so frequently come; but from a Protestant organization, it is like a peal of thunder from a clear sky. If that august Synod knew as much about Christ as Christ does about the virtues of our Constitution, they would bow their heads in shame for having declaimed against the document that more nearly expresses His will and spirit than any declaration of principles yet conceived by men for the government of a people.

HOPEFUL THINGS FOR CHICAGO.

The stuff of which Chicago is made, mixed as it is, is not wholly bad; and it would seem that the good in its compound is a stronger and more active principle than was believed. If the ordinance presented to its City Council for consideration is passed, Chicago will probably have as much "law and order" as any other city of its size and kind. The ordinance provides that "before a license should be granted for a saloon, "the written consent of a majority of the property owners in the block must be obtained; "that saloons shall be closed from Saturday at "midnight to Sunday at 1 P. M.; that no saloons shall be located within two hundred feet "of a church, synagogue, college, school, hospital, or police station; and that fines shall be "imposed for selling liquors to minors."

Whether the ordinance becomes a law at present or not, its framing is evidence of better future things for Chicago. The first provision is what struck us as particularly worthy of notice. We imagine that if it were left to property owners in cities and towns to decide whether there should be a saloon in their block or neighborhood, the business of liquor selling would find it difficult to designate its locality. And why should not the question be left to property owners to decide? It would be far better than high license in reducing the number of drinking places; indeed, it would be virtual prohibition in some towns and cities, and in all it would work a great good to the community, in showing the difference in character between a grogshop street and one with no rum selling.

—*The Gnostic* Publishing Company desire to announce that the new volume commences with July. The magazine will appear in handsome red and gold wrapper. The price has been reduced to $1.00 per annum; single copies, 10 cents. The July number will be out before the end of June, and will contain, in addition to many other interesting articles, a number of answers to questions on Spiritual Science by W. J. Colville, who, in order to keep perfect faith with all who gave him $1.50 as their annual subscription in San Diego or Los Angeles, will furnish each with a copy of his new work, "Mental Therapeutics," immediately it issues from the press.

—Elsie Reynolds has taken large and elegant parlors at 845 Mission street, where she holds materializing seances on Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings; also, Wednesdays and Sundays at 2 P. M. All wishing to see genuine manifestations will do well to call on this lady.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

DAWN OF RELIGION AND BELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

Into the wild the savage man was born,
Against the world to fight like knight forlorn.
His ax he fashioned from the flinty stone,
His spear and arrow tipped with pointed bone;
He spread the net, and laid the skillful snare,
With craft with which no instinct can compare.
He fought the bear within his cavern hold,
Pursued the mastodon across the wold,
The Mammoth slew with stones or barbed spear,
And through the marsh-lands chased the giant deer.
He caught the lightning as it smote its way
From heaven to earth, and held its power at bay.
Piled high the fagots that this spirit fire
Might warm his cavern with its flashing ire.
He feared the spirit he had thus evoked,
And trembled lest his house-fire be provoked.
The finest fruits, the flesh of choicest game,
He threw as offering to the living flame,
And round the blaze that gave him day for night,
Danced in the fragrant smoke in wild delight
And when the clans, engaged in constant fight,
Were forced in banded nations to unite,
The chief who had most scalp-locks at his belt:
Who swung the heaviest club the foe had felt;
Whose brawny arm the strongest bow had bent;
Who drank the blood from quivering bosoms spent,
Became the priest and ruler of the horde,
Who feared his power, and trembled at his word.

Most terrible event to man is death.
The cry of mortal pain, the gasping breath,
When sullenly the gates of silence close,
The body falls into that deep repose,
So soon to feel the touch of swift decay,
Which bears dissolving elements away.
Gone like the deer his arrow overthrew,
Gone as the sun from out the heavenly blue.
And yet man solved this problem of all time,
Against his senses awfully sublime.
Because immortal thus he came to know,
That at the dusk he with the gods would go.
Immortal life, not by belief bestowed,
Not by a form of faith or creedal mode,
But as the birithright of the human soul,
With endless progress for its shining goal.

Immortal life—the balm which heals the sting
Of death itself; that gives the flowers of Spring
For Winter's chilling frosts, on which are based
Religious sun-lit towers; and trusting placed
Sustaining faith that in a home above
The wrongs of time will be effaced by love—
Was made a curse, an engine to destroy
And rob mankind of hope, of peace and joy.
For quick the priesthood seized the mystic dower,
Which gave the future to their selfish power;
Who ruled the spirit realm beyond the grave,
Might hold the mortal as a cringing slave.

Religion thus of craven fear was born;
Cradled by ignorance from its natal morn,
And nursed by priests more wise in subtle art,
To hold the gods and common men apart,
That they might stand vicegerents by the throne
Divine, and make the trembling world their own.
Worship the gods! they cry on bended knee;
Bow in the dust in prone servility!
The gods may be appeased and half relent,
And take the sacrifice by mortal sent.
What give? The best, and that thou lovest most,
The choicest, dearest, sweetest of thy boast.

Give of your game, the firstlings of your flocks,
A finger, or a tooth, or flowing locks;
Or if by these gods, wroth be not beguiled,
Place on the altar wife, or first-born child;
Or bring your captives from the battle spared,
And let them know with none our gods are shared!

Thus spake the priest, and spoken it was done;
Bound on the altar was the first-born son;
With knife of stone the high and holy priest
Plucked out the quivering heart, the soul released,
And called the gods to witness as he spoke
The sacrifice beneath the curling smoke.

The gods grew jealous, and their plotting priests
Saw gain in plunder, and from sin released
Those who of pillage laid the greatest store
Of wealth and captives on their temple's floor.

Go forth, the god unto his chosen said,
Seize on the lands with plenty overspread;
Slaughter the men, the women take as thine,
But spare no child to desecrate my shrine.
Fear not, for I go with you to the fight,
And if need be will stay the solar light;
Will hold the moon and guide the flying darts
Swift in their courses to my foeman's hearts.
I am the god of battles and alone
Have trod the grapes from which the blood has flown;
I smite the people in my wanton wrath,
And guide the earthquake in its muttering path;
And pestilence that rots the melting flesh,
I on my foes can slip the holding leash.
Go then, I say, but if your hearts relent,
And ere 'tis done your taste of blood be spent,
Woe be to you when from the field returned
My wroth has kindled and my hatred burned.

The earth became a hunting field, where men
Pursued each other to the death, and then
Instead of scalp-locks, brought the captives bound
In triumph to the sacrificial mound.
And waiting gods were with the crimson tide
From smoking altars poured, well satisfied.

O poor humanity, fearful has been thy loss,
O poor humanity, nailed to the cross!
Pressed to the rack by priests who in God's name
Gave to thy lips the gall, thy flesh to flame!
The day of thy revenge has come at last!
The age of priestly rule with ignorance, past.
The gods are dead! From mighty Bel, whose tower
Mocked at the flood, and time's destroying power;
Ormuzd, who sat upon the dazzling throne
Of highest heaven and called mankind his own;
Osiris, Isis, Horus, Troth, and Ra,
Rulers of earth and heaven, of night and day;
With her who wrote above her temple's door,
"I'm all that is, will be, or was before;"
And him who trod the reeking press alone,
And smiled to hear the nations' stifled moan.
All dead! All dead! And on the blasted plain
A vestige of their shrines alone remain.

MRS. FOYE AT WASHINGTON HALL.—Last Sunday being Mrs. Ada Foye's birthday, her meeting in the evening was more interesting than usual, the services being interspersed by short, congratulatory speeches. The flowers were lovely and profuse. The meeting opened by an inspirational piano solo, composed for the occasion, by the control of Miss Lina Crews, and never before played by her until that evening. J. J. Morse acted as chairman in his usual happy manner, and his remarks were listened to with great interest. Dr. J. V. Mansfield, the veteran medium, then made a short but neat speech, which was greatly appreciated, and was followed by Mrs. M. J. Hendee and Mrs. A. Wiggin, who each spoke earnestly and feelingly. John Slater then made his appearance in the hall, and on being invited to the platform, made a very kind speech, congratulating Mrs. Foye, and wishing her God-speed on life's journey, as did all the speakers. Miss Florence Morse then sang, "In the Gloaming," in a beautiful manner, and Miss Crews followed with an inspirational solo. Mrs. Foye then closed with one of her remarkable seances, and although the time allowed was short, comfort, encouragement, and convincing tests were given to many in the audience. These meetings will be held for only two more Sundays.

—A Poway, San Diego county, subscriber writes: "The weekly visits of your delightful G. "G., are both food and manna. Surely, none "but can admire its broad, generous and humane "spirit, working to develop the good in the human family, and furnishing us all a noble example to walk in the same path, and the true "light that can light every man and woman that "cometh into the world if they only will. Will "is a great word as we understand it, and is of "vast significance."

THE GHOSTS.—The Psychic Research Society might find a good subject of investigation at a house near Portsmouth, New Hampshire, which the owner finds a difficulty in selling or renting, because the ghosts scare off the tenants. The woman who lived there last saw the haunting woman (when she was making bread in the kitchen), approach and stick her ghostly hand in the dough. She instantly fled in terror to a neighbor's house, about half a mile away, and can not be induced to return. Locked doors have been opened, lamps blown out, etc., and now the house stands empty.—*Buchanan's Journal of Man.*

A MARVELOUS CURE BY DR. A. B. DOBSON, ACROSS THE RIVER, IN HANOVER, ILL.

DR. A. B. DOBSON—*Dear Sir:*—One of the greatest cures has been performed by you in my family that medicine has ever done. My daughter Emma was sick for months with a complication of diseases, and was attended by three physicians until she got so low she could not turn in bed or scarcely swallow, and all hopes were gone for her recovery. At this critical period we sent for your remedies and commenced giving them to her. In a few hours we could see a change for the better, and in three days she was up, and, after taking the remedies a few months, she is as well as any person in the country. No one would think she had been so near the grave. The most remarkable thing about this case is this: After she could get about the house, she ate too many oysters, which made her very sick. The next day I wrote to Dr. Dobson, stating the case, but before I put the letter into the office I received one from him answering every question in the letter that I had not sent, he also sending more remedies, which soon completed her cure. This showed me he could answer questions by some power outside of himself. I wish I could let everybody know the great power Dr. Dobson has in curing suffering humanity; and I earnestly ask you to write to me in regard to this case, for I am willing to give testimony, under oath, to the above facts. H. B. HUNT.

The above was also told, a short time ago, by Mr. Hunt to Calvin E. Northrop, a highly respected citizen of Maquoketa.—*Maquoketa Record.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, —— dollars."

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA.—There will be circles for the investigation of spirit phenomena and development of mediums at 316 Tenth street, Oakland, every Sunday evening, at 7:30 and Sunday afternoon, at 2:30. Pupils may be psychologized, the quickest way of development. Admission, 25 cents.

UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.

FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Peralta streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.

THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regulary every Saturday evening at 106 McAllister street, at 7:30 sharp. Free library and free admission.

A New 'Series" for Dr. Harcourt's Consideration.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

Would it be considered an evidence of wisdom, or even a symptom of common sense, should a professor of mathematics attempt to introduce algebra into a kindergarten chool? Yet we we have a more marvelous instance of still profounder sagacity in that wasteful donation of $60-000 to a society of theological professors for the elucidation of spiritual truth, made by a gentleman with more enthusiasm than brains, to this ecclesiastical Commismission composed of professors who neither know what spirit is, nor believe in its existence. Could phenomenal stupidity conceive a greater waste of money?

What would have been thought of Lick's sanity had he directed that his observatory should upon completion be turned over to Modoc Jack for the instruction of his Indian tribe in the science of astronomy? Would not his heirs have had a good case for contesting the donation in the Probate Court? And yet are the members of the Seybert Commission any ampler fitted to expert the science of Spiritualism than Capt. Jack would have been to explain and expert the science of astronomy?

Here we have the confreres of this Commission, the Presbyterians in general assembly at Baltimore, May 28th, solemnly declaring "that in the judgment of the assembly Adam's body was directly fashioned by God of dust of the garden without any natural animal parentage of any kind. He had revealed the fact but not the mode;" in short, not the *modus operandi*, and the church does not propose "to handle or conclude any question of science, but must see that such questions are not thrust upon them!" Under this ruling, therefore, it would be improper to ask them what Eve was made of, and how the necessary modifications were effected, imposed upon Adam's new conditions; and certainly to thrust upon such a learned body, or any of them, such a question of science as spirit body, while they absolutely forbid discussion on the dust body, would be considered intrusive impertinence, even with the $60,000 bribe of Seybert.

Science, or scienza, to wit, knowledge, is just what they don't want, and don't encourage. Why, a little of it would break every theological college in the world; hence theirs was on the common school system. Light dissipates superstition, with superstition would expire churches, and with churches would vanish fat livings and perennial idleness; then would follow work or starvation. Who among these devotees could calmly contemplate such a dismal alternative? No, indeed; no science for them; but what blind infatuation has tempted the avowal? Hitherto the clergy have always posed as the friends, the very nursemaids, of science, and even after they had burnt poor Bruno, and tortured Galileo to death, and burned Kepler's books, they still claimed friendship for *true* science; to wit, the science of the Pentateuch, as interpreted by the holy Roman Catholic, or Presbyterian, or Methodist churches; for they are all alike, more or less, with trifling modifications. They all teach three Gods and one devil, with heaven for themselves, and hell for the balance of mankind. Any science therefore, except Bible science, is the thing to be quashed when "thrust upon them," and not to be tolerated; hence the determined was on all sides upon the common school system. Even the Reverend Harcourt, or the still more Reverend Talmage, has no word for the public schools, or the poor children that these schools lift from the gutters. In their diatribes against Spiritualism they have no word for humanity; they and their confreres of all sects, in their weekly maunderings about Jonah, or the Tower of Babel, Lot's salt wife, or Adam's body, have no word for the relief of humanity, of defense for the defenseless, or of succor for the helpless, and unrebuked by them, bold vice, gigantic stalks on every hand. Laughing stocks to thinking men, they denounce a science that has not been revealed through them, and that without them, and in spite of their monstrous fables, is now offering its ineffable comfort to all humanity. Helpless orphans, oh, the pity of it, maimed, starved, and beaten to death in our midst, find no defenders, stir no emotions in their pious breasts.

Such atrocious outrages against humanity do not come within the scope of the "Scarlet Sins" series. Beating little children to death by a religious servant of a Christian is a venal offense compared with the heresy of a Woodrow, who dares to teach his pupils the accepted sciences of the day. Better tolerate murder than apostasy; and surely this frightful wretch may be a living evidence of re-incarnation, for certainly Wirtz alone could have revived in a Whalen; take him, my re-incarnation friends, he has turned up opportunely to prove your theory; ask him if he has not faint reminiscences of a Libby or Andersonville, for only such a wretch could revel in such atrocities, extending over a period of years infamies which might have continued on indefinitely but for the revelations of the *Argonaut* detailed in Mr. Pixley's graphic letter to the Governor; while to the pious watchers on the walls of Zion the mooted miracles of bygone ages, the childish marvels of ancient fables, are far more important than to consider and denounce the cruel wrongs of the helpless, the friendless, and the unfortunate. To these curses are more familiar on their lips than blessings.

I have heard from the pulpit, delivered with much unction, the holy text, "Curse ye the Meroz; yea, curse him bitterly;" and such is their animosity to Spiritualism, that the very name appears to excite more ire than the flutter of a red rag in the face of a bull.

Talmage and Harcourt are running amuck to see who can curse loudest. The latter reverend gentleman, as reported in the *Bulletin* of June 4th, had got a length ahead of his Eastern rival for anti-spiritualistic fame, in his seventeenth sermon of the "Scarlet Sins" series—Mathew vii., 20—"The fruits of Spiritualism."

"Man's true character," said the preacher, "is known by what he does, rather than by what he says." Good idea! "We shall test Spiritualism by its fruits, and will allow its advocates to bring forward their best products; no borrowed fruits accepted." Good!

The fruits then of Spiritualism are inexhaustible. Here I offer for the gentleman's consideration one fruit—comfort to the bereaved, comfort to those where Churchianity has offered only despair, comfort that even orthodoxy can not take away. One illustration out of thousands, and for which I vouch, will suffice.

Sitting one evening with Mrs. Francis, there was written:

"My dear brother, I have with me a little spirit friend. Her name is Annie Belle Robinson. She is most anxious, through your aid and mine, to send a message to her bereaved parents."

I of course expressed my readiness. Then was written.

"MY DEAR FATHER:—My brother Harry is with me. He very much regrets his disobedience, and is very anxious to communicate with you," etc.

"ANNIE BELLE."

There was much more written covering three pages of note paper. Then she wrote:

"You will please endorse, and direct to Judge Robinson, Alameda, and telegraph that a letter is mailed."

I did so. Next day the Judge came over, got a message from his son, and left with Mrs. Francis a grateful message for me, that the daughter's letter had probably saved his wife from insanity; it came in the depth of her despair, to assure her that her only beloved son, after a cruel death, still lived!

It was a sad story, as I afterwards learned, and in this connection I trust the Judge will forgive me for unveiling private sorrows—a liberty I would only take in refutation of pulpit slanders. Mother and boy had not long returned from a trip together to Honolulu. He, with youthful impatience, was anxious for active life, and against the will of his parents he found employment on a railroad, and was killed in the southern end of the State. It was on the eve of this frightful news, stunned with misery and hopeless grief, that this blessed message of comfort was sent from the spirit world. Her two children were together. The frenzy of grief and of despair was converted by those simple loving messages into the tranquility of resignation.

Now I venture the assertion that all the sermons of the reverend gentleman's "Scarlet Sins" series did not convey as much comfort to one single soul, as this one instance of spirit message, and would not if he preached until his ecclesiastical doomsday; and he will not dare to call this instance, quoting his most Christian language, "a fraud!"

"Power to raise the dead!" Why what donkey, outside of the Church, ever considered such stupidity possible! Spiritualists leave such efforts to the Doctor and his congenial corpse resurrectionists. He continues:

"Spiritualism, in its polluted soil, has grown up *almost* every abominable crime!" "*Almost!*" This palliative adverb might possibly exclude from the Christian gentleman's category of crimes, the more orthodox virtue of lying and slandering; therefore let it pass for controversial vituperation. I would refer the most reverend Doctors Talmage and Harcourt, *et id omni genus*, to the classic shades of Billingsgate.

But now comes the most direful charge of all: "Spiritualism denies the personality of God, the divinity of Jesus Christ, and the existence of the Holy Ghost!" There's the rub! Such heresy would destroy Churchianity. But, most reverend irate friend, Spiritualism *per se* affirms or denies neither one or the other. It has no bigoted creed; every Spiritualist is supposed to think for himself; and it would be just as ridiculous, or I should say, just as clerical, to abuse the science of astronomy because its revelations disprove Genesis. But even though Spiritualists were as agnostical as Brother Ingersoll, where is the crime? Does the reverend brother himself know anything about the Holy Ghost? His brother, Stebbins, don't know, and I once put the question to the Rev. Ferdinand Ewer, Rector of Grace Church, New York, who confessed he didn't, but warned me, in asking such questions, to beware of blasphemy, and this was in my own house, where he himself had invited the discussion.

But like all other priests, ask a question they can not answer, and straightway it is "blasphemy"—"believe what we tell you, and do not dare to inquire." Such is the clerical mode of disposing of any inconvenient mythological conundrum, and in the dust of vituperation they cover their retreat.

Now, if permissible, I should advise the reverend gentleman to close up his "Scarlet Sins" series with a lecture on the "clerical sin of willful, ignorant, and deliberate slander." Then I would suggest a new series, on subjects better adapted to the caliber of himself and his hearers than the science and "fruits" of Spiritualism; which might be entitled, "The Scriptural Chatterbox Series," as for instance:

1. The character and chemical composition of the "garden dust" Adam was made of, as determined by resolution of the late convention.

2. Woman an after-thought! Tremendous results of Adam's lonesomeness. Eve's guileless folly in the apple business. Adam's helplessness in presence of the charming siren.

3. The discovery of a gorilla race, not made from "garden dust." Cain's fascination and marriage. Evil results of miscegenation.

4. Divine consultation with Noah. Final determination to drown the whole brood, and make a new departure.

5. Early evidence of divine softness in not drowning Noah too; better to have made a new start, with a fresh sample of dust.

On completion of this series, I would suggest another equally interesting. Meanwhile, I would recommend to the reverend gentleman and his confreres the study of Chesterfield and the "Belle Lettres," prior to the delivery of their future diatribes on Spiritualism; for although we may not demand a strict regard for truth or common sense, still we might hope to find in the pulpit, if not the "glass of fashion and mould of form," at least some of the amenities of civilized life.

A. Y. E.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Finding the Truth.

Finding the truth. That is what we all want to do. To find the truth, to get to the bottom of things, to unravel the mysteries which surround us on every side, to sail on the vast ocean of knowledge which lies before us is the earnest desire, and much longed for attainment, of every thoughtful man. How many have found the truth concerning immortality? When an inquiring mind looks around and sees that some, in fact I may say most, of the world's greatest thinkers and scientists of to-day are rank materialists, and scorn any idea of a future life, it is natually staggered and wonders how it is. If immortality is proven, as Spiritualists declare it to be, why should these men, who ought to be competent, sneer and revile at Spiritualism? To my mind the reason is that they have never investigated it fully; thus after Prof. Lankester had caught Dr. Slade in deception, as he thought, he straightway proclaimed the whole thing a fraud. They encounter a few humbugs and charlatans and supposed the remainder to be the same. Whatever Dr. Slade did with Prof. Lankester, he has done things which can not be explained by any materialistic reasoning.

Spiritualism is either an incalculable blessing to the world, or an immeasurable curse. If it be true, as I believe it to be, though but an investigator, it is a blessing indeed, but if not, words can not express the abhorrence in which it ought to be held. How are you going to find out? *Only by personal investigation.*

Let no man sneer at anything, no matter how chimerical it may appear to him. There may be more things in heaven and earth than he dreams of. The greatest boon that could be conferred on Spiritualism would be to have every one investigate it fully and honestly. We need not be afraid of the result. Do not believe a Seybert Commission, or Spiritualism's exponents either. Investigate for yourself. One fact proven to man's own satisfaction goes further than volumes of ingenious theories and explanations.

In this progressive age old dogmas and ridiculous stories are being cast aside. Freethought and close scrutiny into everything is the order of the day. Under such conditions Christianity will, sooner or later, go to the wall; that is, the material part of it, while the Spiritualism embodied in it will flourish to an extent undreamed of now. I claim that Spiritualism is the only religion that gives a rational theory, and, what is more, a positive demonstration of a future existence. Christianity can not demonstrate it any more than Mohammedanism. It gives no proof; no verification. It asserts immortality, and asserts it loudly; but if the masses are to be convinced of the truth of this tremendous assertion, something palpable, something they can not evade, must be given them; in other words, conviction must be carried to them by facts they can not escape or deny.

A Seeker.

Mediumship.

Editor of Golden Gate:

I see in answer to the question, "How to develop mediumship," in your issue of May 19th, after giving a very good rule, Sarah A. Harris says: "But what if you do? What have you accomplished for yourself? You have simply broken down your own individual God-given right to control yourself." Had it not been for the God-given gift of mediumship, what state would the world have been in today? Simply, more priest-ridden and creed-ridden than it was forty years ago. Soul-culture, Christian science, etc., would have been unknown.

Mr. Editor, it seems hardly fair to me that these very people who have this superior learning, should decry the source from whence it came to them. And wherever there is healing done by Christian scientists, it is done through their mediumship, whether they will admit it or not.

I am sorry to hear such an outcry as has been recently against mediumship and phenomenal Spiritualism. As well take primary studies away from children as to leave off phenomena from Spiritualism. Spiritualism would very soon be a thing of the past if people were required to live by faith instead of by knowledge. We have had to take some one else's word quite long enough. In this age of the world we must know for ourselves. My observation has been that in the majority of cases, after one has become convinced of the truth through their own mediumship or through phenomena by some one else's mediumship, then they will begin to study the philosophy, and become nobler and purer. It *must* be so, for how can one feel sure of the presence of guardian angels or spirit friends, and not try to live pure lives. Then comes soul-growth.

Mrs. H. A. S.

A story is told of an excellent old lady who lived in Concord, Mass., at the time of the great prevalence of Transcendentalism; and she was very much bewildered by the freedom and audacity with which many of her articles of faith were treated. But finally she came to this conclusion: "I don't care so much about predestination and free will and all them sort of things; but, if they take away my total depravity, I shall feel as though I hadn't any religion at all."

When Drunkards Were Lionized.—The reign of George III of England was the most openly dissolute period of Great Britain. State officials who had acquired reputations for drunkenness were then the most popular. It was then that gout attained its highest degree of perfection. A man who did not wear a split shoe was only under protest admitted into circles of polite society. Sir Phillip Francis, upon awakening at night and finding himself sober, would immediately get out of bed and proceed to get drunk again. Lord Weymouth, after spending a fortune and becoming utterly worthless, was appointed Secretary of State, in recognition of his abilities as a drunkard.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Morals differ from customs, in so far as the former are certainly the science of human happiness, while the latter is the result of habit and example, often formed, we know not how, and as often unwholesome as wholesome.

What I Live For.

[Dr. Guthrie used to say that there was more religion and good sense and poetry in the following, than in all other similar efforts he has ever read :]

I live for those who love me,
For those I know are true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit, too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story,
Who've suffered for my sake,
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake:
Bards, martyrs, patriots, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hail that season,
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone for gold;
When man to man united,
Brave hearts together plighted,
And every wrong thing righted,
As Eden was of old.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel that there is union
'Twixt Nature's head and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction—
Fulfilling God's design.

I live for those that love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And waits my spirit, too;
For the wrongs that need resistance,
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

Tides.

In my innermost soul is a deep, deep sea,
Never furrowed by stately ships;
Where many a pleasure, many a pain,
In their shotted shrouds for ages have lain
Where the sea gull never dips.

There are tides to this sea which ebb and shift
At the wave of Memory's hand;
And I would I could close my eyes to the drift,
The waves with their cruel fingers lift,
And leave in the flow on the sand!

There are memories, buried fathoms deep,
Lying all bare on the beach;
There are withered flowers I thought I had hurled
To the uttermost depths of that sunless world,
Where the plummet could never reach.

There are bundles of letters tied with blue,
Throbbing a faint perfume
Of love which the water could never drown,
Though it plunged their sunny sweetness down
To a drear and flowerless tomb.

And the surges which break on that Lethean reach
Leave the seaweed withering there;
But the seaweed that stands on that lonely shore—
Sad flotsam from the nevermore—
Is wavy and brown—like hair.

. . . .

Would God that the croon of this sea might cease
That its billows might sing instead;
That its tides might sleep forever—or yet,
From its sobbing caverns of dull regret,
The sea might give up its dead!

—JULIUS DEXTER.

Love is All.

We two in the fever and fervor and glow
Of life's high tide have rejoiced together;
We have looked out over the glittering snow
And known we were dwelling in summer weather;
For the seasons are made by the heart I hold
And not by outdoor heat or cold.

We two in the shadows of pain and woe,
Have journeyed together in dim, dark places;
Where black-robed Sorrow walked to and fro,
And Fear and Trouble with phantom faces
Peered out upon us and froze our blood,
Though June's fair roses were all in bud.

We two have measured all depths, all heights,
We have bathed in tears, we have sunned in laughter;
We have known all sorrows and all delights:
They never could keep us apart hereafter.
Wherever your spirit was sent I know
I would defy earth, or heaven, to go.

If they took my soul into Paradise,
And told me I must be content without you,
I would weary them so with my lonesome cries,
And the ceaseless question I asked about you,
They would open the gates and set me free,
Or else they would find you and bring you to me.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

The Little Kerchief.

It was only a wee, worn kerchief that lay in my trembling hands,
As I sat by the window dreaming, and looked on the moon-lit lands;
It was only a wee, worn kerchief, but it filled my heart with tears.
For it spoke of my beloved, and the unforgotten years.
I thought of the old, old garden, where many a happy night
She stood in the summer moonlight and waved that kerchief of white,
As she watched in fond confiding, for she knew that it would be
A beacon of light to guide me, a signal of love to me.

But the moon rose over the meadows, the night grew hushed and still,
And me thought that my beloved came down from the old sweet hill;
Once more her hand was waving, once more that kerchief white
Flashed like the wing of an angel out of the silent night.
So I keep the little kerchief, with a trust that can ne'er grow cold,
For I know that my love is waiting as once in the days of old,
And out of the bright blue heaven, there will come in the years to be,
Her message of old to call me, her signal of love to me!

—F. E. WEATHERLY, in "Cassell's Family Magazine."

Unreconciled.

I can not say it! heart and lips are dumb—
The heart that sung, the lips that moved in prayer,
Glad songs that made life beautiful and bright,
Thanksgiving for the love that made earth fair,
"Oh! try me, Lord," I said, "by any test;
Take all my blessings, save this—the best!"

I played and slept, and when the morning broke,
The sun rose, but it shone no more for me;
The flowers were dead that bloomed but yesternoon,
The birds sung lonesome songs from every tree,
Of wintry skies above an empty nest;
Only a friend's voice whispered: "It is best!"

OUR QUESTION DEPARTMENT.

MRS. HARRIS—*Dear Madam:*—Being a subscriber to the GOLDEN GATE, and much interested in the "Question Department," I found myself delighted with your answer to the question in regard to the development of mediumship, and feel that I must tell you so, although I am a total stranger to you. In the last four years I have had considerable experience in helping to develop, or, rather, I will say, guide and protect one of the finest natural mediums that I have ever seen, or even heard of. My experience has shown me the dangers attending forced development. I trust mediums will soon learn that they must cultivate their own will power in the sense that all so-called evil tendencies must be overcome before they are fit temples for the influx of the spirit, whether its manifestation be in the form of physical phenomena, or any other phase of occult expression. Now this world is full of unconscious mediumship. The question arises, What is to be done with it? The old methods of education are not efficacious in exterminating the mediumistic quality in humanity; so I think there must be some method of training not yet understood which will make it a blessing to mankind. ——— ———.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Col.

ANSWER.—What more can I say in regard to the subject than what our Colorado friend has already found to be true, unless it be that not only should evil tendencies be overcome in one's self, but so far as possible such conditions should be made as to prevent friction and inharmony during the period of development. To be open to the influx of spiritual power, and at the same time be able to resist natural tendencies in the opposite direction, is not so slight a matter as some may think. And he who determines to forstall nature in this matter, will save himself much trouble, if, by concentration, he develops first his power of resistance. Then, "housed" in Good, he will prove a blessing to mankind. Only those who do not think or refuse to see the condition of humanity, will doubt what our friend says in regard to the prevalence of "unconscious mediumship." This sign of the times points with no uncertain prophecy to the universal development of an interior sense, which will open up to man a vast range of possibilities hitherto unknown to him.

Even in the material realm transition periods are marked by cataclysms. These outward signs and symbols seem to me to be but the correspondents of the interior awakening to higher consciousness. Nature is sometimes spoken of as a blind unconscious force, cruel in the extreme. To my mind unconsciousness is only a condition of the limitation in which man finds himself to-day.

All nature, man included, is working slowly, but surely, toward spiritual consciousness. Nature is not cruel; she is most kind. It remains for man to work with her and for the same end. To the many I will say what I have hitherto said to the few, "Go slow." Haste in these matters is sure to bring disaster. Hug close to nature; she is a safe guide.

God is Omnipresent Good, no matter what our limited sense perception may declare; that One Life which is the life of every living thing; that Limitless One in whom all is included; that Perfection which to know is life eternal; will kindle the divine fire in the self of each soul, and he shall know his spirit one with Good. Fear not, kind sister, evil, so called, is only a perverted good. God (Good) is eternal and shall prevail. "All are but parts of one stupendous whole, whose body nature is and God the soul." Om. SARAH A. HARRIS, F. T. S.

BERKELEY, Cal.

Letter from Onset.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Long live Onset, for there were never skies so blue, nor sun so bright, out of Italy. We revel in the purest air, breathe the aroma of pines, ferns, huckleberry bushes, and sweetest wild flowers, and while the cottages are near each other, there is perfect seclusion, for the home oaks shelter from observation.

How grateful to the invalid the quiet and harmony of this beautiful, secluded resort. Of the spirits' choice is this favored place, and as every section of this continent has its special forces centered in different places, we find Onset the selection made for the Eastern portion of this land. Hence it was not a chance or an accident that this beautiful island became the abode of the celestial elements. Attractive to the spirit world, therefore the whole place has become permeated with the divine light of the ethereal world, and its very heavens drip down blessings on its inhabitants, making them tolerant—a lovable, intelligent people throughout all its domain—and as soon as the newness has settled itself, they will be a serene and useful community to the world.

Everyone knows the history of Onset; not only that it is the home of a remarkable people, the Spiritualists, but the domain of perfectly free thought—a place where every soul finds utterance for itself, whether men will hear or forbear—a shrine where they worship both the ideal and the real of the new faith. Like the Pilgrim Fathers, Spiritualists sought Onset's calm bay, even as the rock of their deliverance from the persecutions; and being in the neighborhood of Plymouth, its county is the same name, so to this refuge flew the pilgrims of the new dispensation, and do the same to-day when weary of the criticisms of the ignorant, and poor persecuted Media find rest from their tormentors. Many of the people reside here only in summer, having means to do so, returning in the fall to their homes made strong in soul and body for future struggles with the world.

Thus Onset has grown to be a great spiritual center, whose work of regenerating the world has only begun, whose future as a central light is to permeate the surrounding gloom, send out spiritual forces that shall make thinkers all over the land, and by whose power all whom this shall reach must give due reverence for their striving to live the perfect way, revealed through the new order of life coming to the earth; and it stands the duty of everyone holding a share in the community at Onset to work for the future prosperity of the chosen spot for the fruition of the spirit world.

I am only a chance visitor for health, and not sufficiently acquainted with individuals to write personally of them, but everyone seems to impress me favorably. I believe the spirit world will require much of them in laying the foundation of this great future community on a basis of "justice to all and favor to none."

It did not take me long, however, to discover this fact: that of all places I ever knew or visited, Onset has more intellectual, inspirational, honest, and courageous women to the square inch of soil than can be found in any other known place. They are alive; they keep the meetings going, run the circles, transmute good details into order, and I really believe they could run a railroad or a cotton mill, or a kindergarten school, if they had the chance to do so; and I say again, Long live Onset and its wide-awake women.

I hope the men of Onset will not be jealous, or object to this fact. Only set it down to my ignorance, that I have not lauded the clement sex. For one reason or another, men seem to be scarce in Onset. They come and go as business demands, leaving their families in this safe resort, while they come once a week, or now and then, as convenient, well assured that their loved ones are not left to the mercy of the original savage, but safe in the blessedness of peace and the awaiting blue fish, green corn, clam chowder, materializing seances, brass bands, hilarities, and the prospect of the great camp gathering which begins July 15th, when all the pilgrims of the new will move heaven and earth to reach this Mecca of the East. These will throng the temple for worship, fish, dive, and dance at intervals to their hearts' content, retiring after the feast of the harvest morn to their homes, with pockets full of unshelled corn and autumn leaves to dream upon next winter. But so will not

Your humble servant,
MRS. HELEN M. WALTON.

ONSET, Mass., June 4, 1888.

Spiritualists' Camp-Meeting.

[Free Thought, June 9th.]

The greatest thing in Oakland at present is the Spiritualist's Camp-Meeting on Lake Merritt. It opened last Sunday, fanned by the Pacific breeze, illumined by all the glory of California sunshine, and decorated with the perennial blossoms of Alameda county. There were as many as a thousand people on the grounds in the afternoon, and a whole tentful sang Eliza Pittsinger's beautiful opening hymn to the tune of "Beulah Land,"

O Golden Morn! Sweet Golden Morn!
We hail thy fair and perfect dawn,
When all the world, baptized with light,
Shall be an Eden pure and bright—
And every woe shall flee away
Before the Great Millennial Day.

Mr. Colville made an able address and won his first round of applause when he quoted Paine's sentiment, "The world is my country; to do good, my religion." Hundreds of people are camping there by the lake; and, in this world of labor, it would be hard to climb nearer to the Summer Land than one may get by lying in the shade of the evergreens, gazing away over the water and the mountains, into the infinite blue, and hearing from the tent the "new millennial song in heavenly numbers roll along." The admission is only ten cents.

At the Camp-Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Last Sunday I attended the Spiritualist Camp-Meeting. I was charmed with the speaking, singing, etc. People who knew each other shook hands in hearty good-fellowship, and the most delightful harmony prevailed among the brothers and sisters; but, alas, for the strangers, particularly those who were so unfortunate as to be alone. I met and talked with no less than seven people, who did not "know a single person on the grounds," and who felt lonely and lost, as it were, amid the "sea of human faces" by which they were surrounded. (These were *all* honest investigators.)

Now I am sure there were many good Spiritualists, who, had they known of these strangers present, would have gladly bade them welcome. As a remedy for this unpleasant feature I would suggest, Mr. Editor, that either yourself, or some other well known brother, and some good sister, too, extend a hearty welcome to all strangers, not merely a general welcome, for this is always understood, but invite them to come up during intermission between services, and shake hands and be made at home. I am sure all who are interested in the cause would gladly encourage and assist those who are seeking for light and truth. I. E. T.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 13, 1888.

The Over-Soul is One, and humanity a unity as well as an individuality. Our relatedness makes demands as imperative as our individuality, and both in their sphere of use are requisite to personal perfection.